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MY CHOICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY JENNIE TEMPLE.

Woo me not with sparkling diamonds-Gifts of glowing gems Seem to me so poor and worthless, In love's diadem.

Naught to me are wealth and beauty, For the heart I gave Ask I neither talent, learning-Something more I crave.

Give me rather truth and virtue. Love refined and pure, Tis the true heart's earnest tokens That for aye endure.

When thou knowest I have given Of the love, I pray thee, keep not

We o me, ther, because thou lovest With an earnest soul: I would thou bestow upon me None, or else the whole.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE SANDS. "That will do, Stephen, thank you. You may let us out here. A charming scene, is it not, Richard?"

The speaker was a young lady of nincteen; looking, however, not older, but far wiser than her years. A thoughtful face by nature, and besides, one upon which rowe sorrow and much care for others had set their marks. The head eyes, large and tender, were confident, without being bold. The forehead, from which the heavy folds of bright brown hale were not drawn back, but overflowed it from under her summer hat at their own wild will, was broad and low. The form tall and elender, but shapely; the voice singularly clear and sweet, and whose tones were each as seemed to give assurance of the truth they utter. She was certainly speaking the truth when the said, "A charming

The persons she addressed were seated with her in a curt, in the middle of one of those have upon our northwestern coast, from which the sea retires, with every tide, for many miles, and leaves it a level waste of sand, save for two river-channels, besides several smaller streams fordable in places, but always running swiftly ome islands oases in this desert, dotted here were of a beauty singularly varied, considering their ax ent. To southward a range of round. green hills sloped down to a white fringe of crast, on which a tolerably large town could be distinctly viewed, with, behind it, a castle on a hill, which merked the site of a much larger Upon the spurs of these hills were almost everywhere to be seen a cluster of gray dwallings, and from the valleys thin him smoke; the district, although somewhat un-come at able, was so fair that many came to dwell there, especially in the summer; but yet it was not densely peopled. Esstward, these signs of haation were more rare, and the hills began to tire in grandeur, till, in the northeast, they culminuted to mountaine, a knot of which towered the extreme distance at the head of the bay. Shall cover and inlets indented the perihein otherwise I should ear these good folks, inclushore, which was, moreover, thickly wooded; a the village or two, from one of which the cart had just arrived, glimmered through the trees; and to the weet a far-etretching promontors, with one beeting cliff, concluded the twis some —that is, so far as the land reached. Upon the south was the sea, separated from them by no

was one of the three individuals we are concernit was almost terrible "Well, Agnes," observed Richard Crawlord to his conein, to whom he looked justor by at least twelve months, but was really her senior hy that much; "this is truly grand. I could never have imagined what a speciacie 'Over Sande' afforded, if I had not thus seen it with my own eves. It is certainly the very place for

har or bound of any sort, and rowing in the

distance, as though for prev. It was this which formed the most striking feature in the picture,

and indeed, to a stranger to the position-as

sketch. Now, jump, and I will catch you."
The young man had leapt lightly from the back of the cart upon the brown, firm sand, and out both his arms, that his cousin

might alight in safety.

"Thank you, Richard, I am used to help my self out of this cort of difficulty," replied the, self out of this cort of difficulty," replied the, self out of this cort of difficulty," replied the, self out of the cort and kindly race."

"Well, I caly hope in addition to kindliness."

"Well, I caly hope in addition to kindliness."

fully, but in broad north-country accents; "this is not the first time you have been in my cart, is not the first time you have been in my cart, which is a local name for the large beds in which the nor yet the second. She's as active as any deer could are found.

in his lordship's park cut yonder, that I'll ety among his virtues. What! He is a little answer for, Mr. Richard. Lor bless yout you don't know Miss Agnes; but then, how should man lodulged in a long low whistle, and his you, you that has been in foreign parts so black eyes beamed with six laughter.

Rehard Crawford had, it was true enough, been for many years in a far-distant climate, and one which had turned hie handsome features to the hue of those of a bronze status; but he grew a more dusky red than even the eastern suns had made him, when it is cousin, touching one of his extended arms with her finger-tips only, lightly lespt upon the sand. She took no notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, soggod herself that she can believe evil of notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, soggod herself that she can believe evil of notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, soggod herself that she can believe evil of notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, soggod herself that she can believe evil of notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, soggod herself that she can believe evil of notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, soggod herself that she can believe evil of notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, soggod herself that she can believe evil of notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, soggod herself that she can believe evil of notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, soggod herself that she can believe evil of notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, soggod herself that she can believe evil of notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, soggod herself that she can believe evil of notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, soggod herself that she can believe evil of notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, soggod herself that she can believe evil of notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, soggod herself that she can believe evil of notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, soggod herself that she can believe evil of not soggod herself that she can believe evil of not soggod herself that she can believe evil of not soggod herself that she can believe evil of not soggod herself that she can believe evil of not soggod herself that she can believe evil of not soggod herself that she can believe evil of not soggod he stool; then go your wave, and good luck to your craam. I dare say Mr. Richard here does not know what a 'cram' is; so great is the your craam. ignorance that prevails in the tropics. See here. cousin." She drow out from the cart a sort of three-pronged, bent fork, used by cockle-gatherers for getting the little bivalve out of the sand, beneath the surface of which it lies about an inch. "There! that is the true Neptune's trident. No barren sceptre, but one upon where magic movement, thus"—she defuly thrust it into the sand, where two small cyclet holes announced the presence of the fish, and whipped one out-"meat, and drink, and clothing are when you meet and drift, and clothing are evoked for many a poor soul in these parts.

Why, you need not go far affeld, Stephen, since there seem to be cockles here."

"Nay, miss, there's nobbut but one or two

"Certainly not, Stephen. How many hours

shall we have to spare, think you?"
"Well, with this light south wind stirring. perhaps not four, miss. But I shall pick you up long before that—just as usual, you know. A deal of company you will have upon Sands this effernoon, I reckier," added the man, as be drove off to the cockle-ground; "you have brought Mr. Richard out on quite a gala day."

The scene upon the wave deserted by was indeed growing quite animated; for, in addition to many carte, such as that in which they had come, the owners whereof were all setting to work with their craams, two long strings of horsemen and wheeled conveyances were beginning to cross from either side of the bay, making almost to the place where the two were standing, sketch-books in hand; each band, both from the east and west, were conducted by a guide cver the first can or river, after ich their course lay plain enough across cer tain broad, but shallow streams, to the second, near the opposite shore, where the other guide

"I have seen nothing like this since I crossed the desert" ejsculated the young man, with the desert" ejaculated the young man, with admiration. "I can almost fatey that those borses are camels, and the trees on yonder island palme, only there are no thieves of Be-

they seemed, showed grandly with their walls of rock and crowns of foliage. The shores of the bay itself, miles away at the nearest point, were of a beauty singularly varied, considering. "But in Egypt there is no sea, Richard, like that not one of those black rocks that stand out so prominently vonder will life its head above the waves. Folks talk of these being "no sea to speak of in these parts, but if they mean that the ocean has here no elements of grandeur and terror they are much mistaken Its very retreat and advance so many miles are something wondrous; and when I see the crowdof people crossing thus during its short absence, I always toink of the Israelises passing through the R d Sea upon dry land. May," added she, as and with reverence "it is only God's a m that keeps the waves from ewallo

ing us up today."
"Yee, of course," returned Richard, dryls;
"yet the tides obey fixed laws, I ruppose, and
can be calculated upon to within a few minutes;

dirg outselves, are some that footbardy."

"I have known the tide come in here me than two hours earlier than usual," observed the voung girl, gravely. "There was a chip the young girl, gravely. wrecked in yonder bay in consequence; the men having gene cohors and left her, high and dry, and feeling confident of returning in time

A strong south wind will always bring the many quickly."

"There's a south wind to-day, Agnee," laughed her cousin. "I think you must be making experiments upon my occurage."

"Nay," returned she, "the breeze is very ght. Besides, the guides and the cocklers all know very well what they are about. It is very seldom any one is lost, and when they are, it is through their own folly, poor folks."

"They get drunk a good deal in these parts, don't they?" said the young man, exclessly, as he sat down on the camp steel and becan to sharpen a pencil, " and loing half reas over be-fore they start, why it's no wonder if the tide --

"Huen, Richard, do not jest with death," rard the girl, reprovingly. "Men and women have sins to answer for here as in other places; but I

and Lonesty your friend Sappen reckons sobri-

R chard Crawford had, it was true enough, gravely; "though not so had, even in his weak-

will employ him; she trusts him because every-

body ease that he is not trustworthy."
"I believe he would risk his life to save

mine," rejoiced Agnes, simply.
"Of course he would, my dear cousin; for without you he is probably well aware that he could not gain a living. Don't be angry now! I am only delighted to find you are so unchanged; the same credulous, tender-bearted creature that I left when I was almost a boy, who never allowed horself the luxury of going into a tantrum, unless one of her dumb favorices was ill treated. Now let me tell you a secretthat is, something which is a secret to you, although it is known to everybody else who knows

you. My dear Agnes, you are an angel."
"Don't you rumple my wings, then," replied
the young girl, coolly, as Mr. Rechard Crawford here about," returned the man. "The skeer" concluded his collegistic remarks by patting her lice far away out youder. You'll not be afcaid on the shoulder. "See! youder is a drove of to hide here till I come back and fatch you?" cattle about to cross the east. Are they not platuresque? Now, if you were an animal printer instead of being, like myself, only able to draw immovable objects -- to shoot at sitting birds, as it were—we might by our joint efforts make a very pretty picture of this scene."

"You make a very precisy picture of this scene."

"You make a very charming picture alone, I
do seaure you," said her cousin, admiringly.

The remark evoked no reply, nor even a
touch of color on the young girl's cheek. Her
brow just cloud d for a moment, that was all.

"We have secured an excellent position for
our skytches," said she after a page, and are our sketches," said she, after a pause, and sach

took their seat. took their seat.

Do propie ever cross the sands on foot?" inquired Richard, presently, in a constrained vote. He had parted with his comewhat free and casy manner, and manifestly felt that he had been going too fast or far with his compli-

always some places tolerably deep, as youder, where, as you see, the water is above the axistrees of the couch. The power sort of coulders, however, sometimes come out without a curt. Once no less than eight people were lost in that way, and cn a perfectly windless day. It hap-pened before we came to live here, but I heard the story from the guide's own lips. A sudden fog came on, and they were all drowned; and yet it was so calm that when the bodies were yet it was so calm that when the bodies were found at the next tide the mon's hats were still upon their heads. A little girl, he cail, with her hands folded across her bosom, lay dead heade her dead father, just as though she slept."
"Even i' they had had exis, then, the poor folks could not have been saved," observed Richard.

"Yes, it was thought they might," returned the young girl, saily. "The guide has a trumpet which carries his words, or at all events the cound of them, to a great distance. If was upposed they were making for the right direction when the waters overlook them, but being en-

when the waters overlook that, but being and cumbered with women sad children, and on fact, the party could not harry on."

"What a repertury of dreadful stories your friend the guide must have, Acces."

"Yes, indeed," moverat the, gravely.

"There's one churchyard I know of in our interproperture. neighborhood in which have been builed no lesthan one hundred persons, victims to them treacherous sands."

And the quick sands themselves are the aves of many, I suppose?"

Ne, never; or, at least, almost never. They quick sands in the sense of instability; but they do not suck objects of ear considerable size out of sight, or at all events they take some time to do so. The bodies of drowned persons are almost always four 1."

are almost always found."

"Upon my word, Agree, you make my blood oresp. Taking to the puide of yours must be like a business interview with na undertaker."

"Nay, Richard," rejoined the girl, solemate, "such stories are not all and. Death has been sometimes use, as it were, with open arms by those who knew it was eternal life. And, hethose who knew it was cremailite. And, he idea, there are narratives of haltbreadth escapes from petil sometimes, too which instance the notices courage and self-sacrifice. I wish, however, that there was no such road as Over

with our eketch-books," returned the young man, gayle. "See! I have put in the torce islands alreads."

the fords. It is their business to try the bed of the stream every tide,—for what was fordable claimed the young man, bitterly; "and if H:

the stream every tide,—for what was fordable yesterday may be quick and to day,—before folks begin to cross. There goes the coach."

"Yee, and how the passengers do stare," returned Richard; "nor, indeed, is it to be wondered at, if it is their first experience of this road. I think some of them will be glad when they find themselves on terral firms. Parkage. they find themselves on terra firms. Perhaps you might have seen me arrive rather pale in the face, Agnes, if I had come home this way, instead of oy sea, to Whitchaven."

"No, Richard; to do you justice, I think you

are afraid of nothing."

"I am afraid of one thing, and that is of you, cousin, or, rather, of your displeasure," said the young man, sinking his voice, and speaking very

tenderly.
"If you are, you would not tak such non-

sense," rejoined his cousin, quietly.
"Dear Agres, don't be cruel, don't; nor affect to take for jest what I mean with all my heart and son!. The usands of miles away on the wild waves the very likeness of your face parted, hoy and girl, so many years ago. Think, then, what happiness it is to me to gaza upon that face itself, a child's indeed no longer, but with all the innocence and purity of the child beaming from it still. You used to tell me that you loved me then, Agnes."

"And so I tell you now, Richard," returned the girl, changing color for the first time, we she bent over her drawing, and forced her trembling fingers to do their work. "I love you now,

very much indeed, dear cousin." very much indeed, dear cousin."

"Causin." repeated the young man, clowly,
"yos; but I don't mean that, as you well know,
Agnea. I only wish you could have seen me in
my little dingy cabin, reading your letters by
one wretched caulle stuck in a ginger beer bottle—don't laugh, Agnes; I am sure you would
not have laughed if you really could have seen it. I quarrelied with the only one of my com-panions whom I Blad, and knocked him back wards down the companion ladder because he put his stupid foot upon the desk you gave me. You are laughing again, Agnes. True, I was

than you !" here, courin Richard," said Agnes, ising quickly from her seat and speaking with some severity. "I will not hear this talk; you are well aware what my father thicks of it."

"I cannot help my uncla's not lising me," said the young man somewhat sullenly.

'Nor can I, Richard, or you know I should make him esteem you sa I do myself. But you are under his roof now; he is your hest as well as your uncle-and my father. That is reason good-independent of other very valid ones river's edge,

heir percile. Draughtemen know how quickly the hours pies in this way without notice. Presently Richard lifted his eyes from his work, and looked around him. "Agnes," said he, "why does not Suphen fetch us?"

She looked up too, then started to her feet

ith agitation.
"My God!" cried she, "the carts have all "Don't be frightened, descent," said the your

mon, confidency. "There are two cars still, and Shephen's is one of them. My eyes are good, and I can recognize it plainly, although it is a great way off. He is running the thing very near; that is all."

Alas! he has forgotten us altogether, Richde ; he could not now cross over to us even he would. Do you not see low the eca han stretched its arm between us and him?" Richard Crawford nitered a tremendous im-

with our ekch-hooks," returned the young man, gayls. "See! I have put in the tree slange alreads."

"So I perceive, Rohard; and the largest of hem in the wrong place. Where are you to ketch in younder village!"

"Oh! hother the village. The picture is supposed to be executed when the country was not overbuilt. What are those likely was not in the wrong place.

"They are only branches of furze called | danger from the land, al hough they cannot

There was no necessity for the words "let us basten." Both had left chairs and excetch books, and were running as swiftly as they could towards the western shore: but the sand, lately as had said from so hard and firm, wes now growing soft and unstable—the flowing tide already making itself felt beneath it; their progress, therefore, was not rapid.

"The thought that I have brought you bliber, Richard, is more bitter to me than will be these waters of death," said Agnes, carnestly. "You can run where I can scarcely walk; leave me, then, I pray you, and save yourself. Remember, you cannot save me by delaying, but will only perish also. Why should the sea have two vic-

time instead of one?"

"If the next step would take me to deeland," answered the young man, rehemently, " and you were deep in a quick sand, lifting your hand in last farewell-like the poor soul you told me of yesterday ... I would gladly think that you beck-oned to me, and would turn back and j na you in

your living grave."

But reached her hand out with a loving smile, and he took it in his own, and hand in hand they hastened over the perilous way. Richard, because he knew his cousin and how little likely she was to be alarmed, far less to despair, unless upon sufficient grounds, was aware of their test upon suncern grounds, was aware or their extreme danger; otherwise, a stranger to the pice; would at present have seen no immediate cause for fear. The sea was set a great way off, save for a few inlets and patches which began to make themselves apparent as if by magic; more over, the shore to which they were hastening had become so near that they evid plainly per-ceive the knot of people gathered round the guide, and hear the words, "Quick, quick," which he acres seemed to ther through his trumpet, with the utmost distinctness. It reemed You are laughing again, Agnes. True, I was Vou are laughing again, Agnes. True, I was only a poor lad in the Merchant Service, and powerty is always ridiculous; but I would have to perish within eight and hearing of we many shown my love for you in other wase had it fellow creatures, all eager for their emfety. And been possible. Heaven known I thought of little yet both were doomed. Between them and the land lay the larger of the two rivers that emp is d themselves into the bay at high water, and ran into the open ses at low. ting in by this time very swiftly, and the swifting turbid waters were broadening and despining every minute. The banks of this stream, instead of being firm sand, were now a mass of white and elippery mud, a considerable extent of which lay between the can and the shore; so that it was impossible to carry or even push down a boat upon its treatherous surface to the The wank upon which the two good—independent of other very valid ones upon which I do not wish to enter—why you should not address each words to me. I think upon abould have seen they were distasteful, It chard, without obliging me to tell you so."

The young man did not utter a reply: he only howed, not stiffly however, and held his hand up ones and let it fall again with a certain pathetic dignity that seemed to touch his coastaction, heart, and tedered did so. Her leave the seemen and the cowed winging their hands to the documed pair themselves. Women could be seen among the crowd winging their hands a good to be seen among the crowd winging their hands a good to be seen among the crowd winging their hands. unfortunates were standing was not as vet so much dissolved as the other, but they could feel pullon's heart, and indeed did so. Her large in ageny, and strong men turning their heads away for the pity of so heart rending a spectacle.

"Fargive me, Richard, I am corry to have Once, either moved by the entreaties of others. "Forgive me, Richard, I am sorry to have primed you," with sine, in soft low tones, incx pressibly tender; "very sorre."

"I am sure you are, coesin." That was all he said; his hand-one, clear cut features appread to have grown thinner within the last scious of danger, at first refused to move, and when compelled, at once began to sink, so that reached land again

"Heim, semi" exied the guide, through his

trumpet. "Yes, swim," school Agnes. "How selfish it was of me to forget that. It is very but to a good eximmer like yourself nterly hopeless. Let the tide cary you up under, as far as the island, Richa d, then strike out for that spit of land; there is firm footing there. Take your cost off, and your shoes, quick, quick?"

The young man looked mechanically in the direction tou cated, then smiled sadly, and shook

his head, "We are not going to be parted, Agnes; we are to be together for ever and ever. You begrave interiber

She did not bear him. Her eyes were fixed

has did not bear him. Her eyes were him on a high-wholed hill, close by the prementers I have mentioned, with the roof of a house showing above the trees. This was her home.

"Poor papa, poor papa!" murmured she;

"Paor papa, poor papa!" mornared ane, "what will he do now, all alone?" The tears stood in her eyes for the first time since she had been made aware of their danger. Both had now to step back a little, for the back was crumoling in; the increasing stream guaxed it away in great lunches, which felt into the current, making it yet more turbid than before. There sketch in yonder willing?"

Oh! bother the willige. The picture is supposed to be executed within the country was rot to overbuilt. What are those little trees sticking up above the river? Everything here seems without you. But is there no hope? Hark!

The picture is supposed to be executed within the country was rot would rather die with you fike this, than live was still a considerable tract of sand, from the time through the considerable tract of sand, from the substitution of the street die with you fike this, than live without you. But is there no hope? Hark!

What is that?'

The picture is supposed the current, which felt into the current, making it yet more turbed than before. There was still a considerable tract of sand, from the substitution of that I sweat have thought nearly yet a unstable, bytog be tween there are there are there are the sets; but the latter had now altered its plan of attack. It no longer made its inroads here and there, running saily up into our nothing grows there early yet a unstable, bytog be tween there are there are there are the substitute of sand, from the considerable tract of sand, from the manney.

What are those little trees stick would rather die with you fike this, than live without you. But is there no hope? Hark!

What is the considerable tract of sand, from the manney.

What are those little trees, which felt into the current, you have a still a considerable tract of sand, from the manney.

What are those little trees, which felt into the current, you have the received.

of them until reinforcements came up, but was advancing boildly in one long low line, with just a fringe of foam above it like the sputter of musketry. In addition to the threatening growl noticeable so long, could also now be heard a faint and far off roar.

faint and far off rost.

"It will seem be over now, It chard," said the young girl, rqueezing the hand that still held her that sound is our death knell

What is it, Agnes " 'It is the tidal wave they call the Bare. It may be half an hour awar etill; it may be but a few minutes. But when it comes, it will over-

She raised her ever to the bine sky, which was smilling upon this scene of despair and death, after nature's cruck fashion, and her lips, which had not lost their color, moved in silen-prayer. Suddenly a great shout from the store preser. Suddenly a great substitute, drew her school by another from Richard, drew her thoughts again to earth.

The crowd of people on the shore were part ing to admit the passage of a man and both so large that the guide and the atland he bestrode recard by comparison to become a boy

What are they shouting for, Agues?" asket the voung man, eager's.
"Breauee," said she, " yonder is the man who

Can eave us yet, if man can do it."
She space with commess, but there was a flush upon her cheek, and a light in her eye,

which the other did not fall to mark.
"Who is it?" asked he, half angrily. For it men can be angry on their death beds, how much more when, though in view of death, they are

etill hale and strong. "It is John Carlson, of Woodlees," said she. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Italian Living

An American correspondent of The Natio writes frem Rome as follows :-

be a safe proverb, but to live in America as set-sible America to live in R one would lengthen and execten the lives of our women, it seems to me, imcomparably beyond the privileges of the is of three stories, with basement and attic, an a corresponding number of entries and star cases to be tidled and traversed duly, hourly Three abundant and varied meals are to be pro pared in the house, and puners I v served each at the mercy of the laun fry, that " moneter such hideous mien." destroying the prace of thousands of households. Milan and the Mil-lennium blend on fixedly in my minit ever since a content of that cits seemed me that to the best of her knowledge, every acticle of house hold and body linen was carried beyongstee for waching. To assist our American all this, and the numberless other of housekeeping, she has from one to there a vante, who, ninetveight changes in a hundr are such only in a Militatic seasons of the does the work and nie sure to take to beds or heels in any special emergency wonder if, after years of temper trying and he waring vibration introch, the cock below the nurse above. If other Jonathan (on him ghoul of the "New Atmosphere") cover that his wife needs that get group of the New Autospin to) countries of an argument that his wife needs what go of an argument. But my like a remark person as we bersome, let me add my more is tentament to proceed and the process and the process are the process are the process and the process are the process and the process are telited how we fixed in R in other Confinental city, and it o, y to some pelgrim whose face to turned Econor ward, and whose pure is heared, to hear experience of one more preference of the c

the parts, constitue of a centle dies, a chi'd and notes, blied an operationed for sivy dellars per to nile. Many of our me qualitations paid has for ampler so cannot tions, but we were satisfied, living so we didirectly upon the Coro, midway r "won il Pierra del Poppulo and the church o' bin Cub to a new Building (a wonder in Rune) with a ru exposure (a greater worder) and fields, clea wais and furniture, not dissoluble at a trac (wonder of wonders). The entrance and stanmoreover, which it is only fair to of stinguishing favor which kindle the majoriv of our vistors, who stopes through darkness to their own lodgic Our opportunities comprised a p

hat occasion required as string or rooms, all upon one floor. It should that full table and bed formure we It the rent t gether with the weekly was a land elem. Also, although we had three down looking out upon the Count we were in option of the Murray's warning, citaria our exclusive occupant during the extricts as son. Four duliers per month gave us the gree natured service of a Roman woman who "ke creall " that is, ate and elept at home. That have but be

own perfors was certainly a ven al effence, a even gave piquency to the communication to louses we wear or nely used to the ele-ould but would not sing to have to deal six disa's innocent dumbers and abusen se post the ever smalling object of them the affi-ce our instructions was after impercept it; a upon baby Hells Iris: nurse tailer medican Laurst ye epalpered by fooley! donty be the missus tellar by bangey kettle, drawle from host. No. Luiss backt beard, a Britist's shown. room first! No. Luiss buint beard, a Budget's abjurgation outr broads oil her sto counterance with a deprecatory binsh and subcontentiates with a tenerostory bound and state, which made for available facility form with rage. It is not also be wonlessed that the house keepers were occurred; coulty of lessing on order to smalling Lates in he.—German, French, or English, under the tenepersy theoretism that all was an accomplished that seed Inquist.

As for our country, we were I be into Elijah of English. Our changes at least were brought.

at Kidron. Our cliners, at least, were brough by the ravens. From 5 P. M. onwind the Care is enlivened by porters from the various training of the city, balancing on their heads oblong boxes, which exists the visuals previously dered for dinner, kept at savory heat by a n zier of burning coalin nepkin, we will hups,) while the other etc

out, to be able to make your way to your host's by simply following your nose, ascending the staircase behind a procession of boxes reddent of the courses which will presently be elegantly served. Acting on a hint from our good fairs, the wife of the physician to our legation, we ordered "a scude (one dollar) dinner for two per hany Bell and her nurse, with a nice bit left over for lunch next day, beside the remnants understanding a whispered permission in the En

glish tongue so to do-each night.

For the benefit of tourists of moderate mean I will give our bill of fare: -1st, Soup; 2nd, A roast or cutiete; 2nd, Calckens, pigeons, larks or some other flying thing; 4th, A doles of some cort—nudding, pie, or tart. Half a dezer he gave us incomparable salad and exce lent oranger. The native red wine, without which one is forbidden to drink the water of K me, we bought for fifteen cents a bottle, and eweet white wine, in its dainty flack, for a francition bread (Graham and wheat) came every morning fresh and sweet from Mrs Miller's E. glish bakery; then there was butter—which, as I remember the tempting little pats, each lying cool and fair in its fresh leaf, brought every morning from the Swiss dairy in the Bahaino product of our June dairies-and, findly, we had a flack of milk and three little jugs of lus clous cream, price six balecchi. The earliest waker in our establishment always found th patient Luisa waiting on the landing, with her unfailing emile, and her apren full of the day's empply of fresh rggs, oranges, and salad. Our morning meal was a simple affair of coffee, eggs and cream. Our dejenser, at high noon, con ein ed of cold meat, caken from a Seins baker on the Corso, and fruit. Bread and butter, of course, made the staple of both these meals When one exterer became "near" or neglectful we ordered dinners for a week from a rival trail. area or brought the American eagle to bea upon him in the person of our bright-eved little godmother, before whom he qualled. Occasion ally, however, after an attack of nostalgia, we would intermit the trattoria dinner, and sally out to market, the faithful Luisa following. Here we bought a juicy steak, there crisped macca ni, and down under the shadow of the Pat theon mealy potators, and consigned them t Luisa's apron or market-pocket; and when at this was done we were still able to indulge in the the ravagance of a dessert from Spillman's o much less than the twenty five cents per adult per month to which we limited ourselves had is impromptu meal cost

But when reated at table after the preparatio f this repost (during which Luiss, emulative of Yankee kitchen graces, had stood stock-stil monoling at us admiringly while we did for our solves what our Italian was loss flicient to teach her to do) our faces sculet with the hest an exertion requisite to ke p the steak turning i rescaing the polatoes from the askes of the with a not shovel, we looked at each other over interatingly and said, This is a very good din ner, but it is our Luisse (minus the unfailing emile and willingness) and our ten hundred and ninets five such meals every year which kill ou mothers and sisters. Let us return to the "mon cons' of the truttoria. You see the advantage which would at once be given to the house must be were this institution to be transplanted to our land. Dose Brother Jonathan in the into our land. Does Brother Jonathan in the in necesses of his heart, being home with him to dinier on "washingday," without warning, his classified Faith, who, as you are aware, is a really prejudiced in your favor by the fact tha vincended J should marry his own you are able to varquish him with a of welcome and a well ordered dinner he fulls intended J from the teathers around the corner, which for og if he date say is your or heavy expression

flarce which forces you to dish is her instart! without regard to the progress of the disner to while you have invited guests, how inexpressibly southing it would be to be delivered from the humiliation of knowing-and knowing that English knows-that after she has turned beecoriful back, and the first flash of triumphan rainf has faded from your check, there will come an inevitable round of wearisome drugger which will reat you with your guests a broken ic is well that whenever and wherever she wer only take the nearest fraitured in her morn ng wa k, and await in a sectul lessure a success with all reverence for the wise man, b four if far more effectual than a soft answer is turning away the wrath of our household tyran's?

t is too late to avert the wrinkles of this gene but let us smooth our daughters' and paths by setting up a frull ria over against urch and school-house in every communi What good man will begin !

THE A FEST IS RAILROAD TRAVEL -The four presenters, without injury to any of them, and willout the elightest detention to any of the trans of the road. This, while being a d in tallroading, proves the Pennsylvania to one of the safest and best conducted in the

The fastest time by a running noise, on our s, was lately made at Geneva, It, a quarter a mile in 10 seconds.

Speaking of the batch of American created a few days ago by the Emp-France, Mr. Brown expressed fears that a so many knights appeared in New York, old have it very DARK bere

227 As an instance of the extensive expec heir crops, one manufacturing house alone has ivel orders for 100 (000 boxes or crates, each

In the tree city of Bremen & carious ustom of taxtion prevails. The Government made of any thickness or any material, which mountees the sum that it requires and a clest allows of any arrangement of the hair, which er beings the proportion which he judges it i for him to pay. The amount of tax reused has never falled to surpass the estimate

A large waterspout was observed on the he ground for several rods on land was

SATURDAY BYBNING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, RATURDAY, JULY 27, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commence this week a new and fascirating poyelet, called

CARLYON'S DAY.

By the author of " Lost Sir Massingberd."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sr Massingberd," will need no persuasion to induce them to read Carlyon's Day"-the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novelet of "Lorn Uns WATER." can be had upon application.

We can also supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

COSMO'S SOUTH AMERICAN SHETCHES.

While the South American Sketches were li progress, the question was repeatedly raised, as to how far they were accurate as pictures of both American life, scenery, curiosities, & The following communication from an intelligent gent fention of Canden, New Jersey, who we believe, in the early days of The Post, was one of its editors, may go far to settle the doubts of the settlethe of the ekeptical :-

MR PETERSON-Dear Sir, I have not been for long time so much grieved as I was in learning from your paper, of the death of Mr. Kendall. Though I had not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, his letters on South America have interested me very much; and I have read them regularly, with a constantly increasing inerest, until I came to like their author, and to admire his free, hearty nature.

I am pleased with your suggestion that they

be published in a volume; it would make one of the most interesting and valuable works ever put forth in relation to South America. If it will be any service, in carrying out your sugges remark that the Letters are highly commended and endorsed by eminently quali fied judges. Some of the statements given, from time to time, were of so extraordinary a character, that I was led to submit them to two bors, and in whose intelligence I have the highest confidence. One of those gentlemen is the oldest surgeon, I believe, in the service; the other occupying the position of Commodore and both having been stationed at different points along the South American coast, with or portunities of visiting the laterior.

They afforded me much gratification in dispelling my doubts, and bearing testimony to the much gratification in dis truthfulness of those spirited and instruction narratives, in every instance where it was, wit myself, a question between romance and reality and I have no doubt they would cheerfully give the widow the benefit of their endorsement, should the publication be decided on.

Yours respectfu'ly,
T. COTTREEL CLARKS,

July 16, 1867.

THE GERMAN ELEMENT. We do not mean of course, lager beer, which me wit happily called the Garman element of American society-but the German singleg as ociations, have been having a gay and feetire

Our German friends take their cripymentsnot seriously, like men of English and stry-but with a broad good-humor, which is mirth teep r-

ing to the b holders. While we have no doubt that any reasonable usnity of lager has been swallowed on this suspicious occasion, we do not remember to ave seen a single German intoximated in our And yet we caught ourselves going other day, when we met a gentleman trundlies a hoge "corperation" before him, as to hos many glasses of lager a day he must have in bihed to produce such a termendous result,

With singing and parading and a pinic, the he German element of our population find bleasure in each things, and infect us Americans with their Teutonic taste for song, as much as is possible with so sedate a proph

HEAD GEAR.

The London Speciator has been bending a serifical energies to the determining of the vexed question, what would be a proper head gear for man, and, more difficult still, for woman For men, after great deliberation and arduou investigation, the Spectator has decided upon the tollowing as the style of the model hat:"Shorten the slik covered funnel to three inches at most; widen the brims to at least two and a ige soft with an India rubber belt; the lines paper substitute is a blunder, and India rub atter; and we shall have a head covering sp icable at once to the hygeist the artist at te without at least a possible democracy of dress " Tale hat will be light, will shade th

ace and neck, and can be taken of for a bow. For the ladies, the Sociator admits the many merits of the present style of bonnet, one of the greatest of which perhaps is the infinite diversity of which it is ensceptible. But still the Syschator prefers the hood, though without the mantilla. "The hood," it alleges, "is the only head-dress which really covers the head, which can be placed in the town house, to which every tax requires no separate packing or carriage, and covered, without any tedious process s of prepa ration. With a bood fire seconds will fit a lad for the street, a saving of at least ten per cent of the available time of half the human race the available time of that the number face, or perhantan river, near B ughanton, N. Y., few days since. It was about 25 feet high, cretion, the hood has every attistic recommendation moved with a loud roaring noise. When it tion." Moreover, and this is no small praise, "it suits all complexions and all ages, be fact, itself of every age; the very same hood of course we shall not commit ourselves at

resent on these important subjects. We must take time to consider them. We only ask, can the hood ever be made as pretty as some of the little bonnets now worn by ladies of taste? Short of flowers, children of air and dew, or sea shells, born like Venue, of the foam of the ocean, where can anything be found so airy and refined and graceful as some of these etherial little

Complexion and Dress.

A fibrid complexion is rendered more fibrid by green. To take an extreme illustration, if such a thing were conceivable as a lady with a red nose, her keenest rival could not desire anything worse than on some momentous occasion she should wear a green dress. On the other hand, an excess of red may be counteracted by a crimeon dress, or crimeon and red near the face; but this last, though it is a common ininnetion, must not be accepted without caution.
Red will not always cure, and cometimes seems to deepen, excess of red in the face—a result, however, it will be seen, if the case be analyzed, the presence of other elements besides the in the skin. Black, again, seldom agrees with a forid complexion, but accords better with a fair and ruddy face than with a dark and ruddy one. A brunette looks most brilliant in an orange dress, or orange and purple, or orange and black; but in the latter case red and crim-son in the form of ribbons and flawers is of value to clear up the other colors, and act as a point or focus. Blue is always inimical to the point or focus. Blue is always inimical to the brunette. Where the face is decidedly dark, strong dark colors will have the effect of ren dering it lighter by contrast. A deep purple may be found of rauch value—dependent, of course, on the special half-tones of the face— but it will require to have light and bright subsidiary colors as trimming or ornaments. If the dark but pallid, dark and strong colors must be used cautiously. Titian constantly brings white into centact with the deep, glowing, healthy complexions he delighted to paint, and then has, either as the principal drapery, or close at hand, the richest crimson in considerable quantity. There are complexions that require rich deep tones and colors, with points of de-cided contrast. Marcon, as has been observed, is ant to bring out any latent green in the skin. and therefore can rarely be placed in contact with it. The interposition of white is sometimes sufficient to counteract the tendency. If sufficient, emeralds or other green ornaments may be tried. With a clear, light, rosy complexion a silver or pearly gray harmonizes admirably, But the gray tints will be found to suit complexions, partly because they form so good a ground for any strong color that may be required by the observator of the complexion of the color of the hair, but also because from their variety it is comparatively easy to find a suitable tone. But the suitable tone is important. We have just said, for instance, that silver or pearly gray harmonizes with a clear, light, rosy complexion, but such a gray would in vitably reveal any lurking orange, and deepen a slightly dusky hue. A pule complexion, if healthy and natural, is improved by black.

Continued Perils of English Railways.

A lady writes to the London Morning Post: had a narrow escape from being harne i my return from Pad lington to Windsor on Wed needay, June 12. The axletree of the carriage took fire, and the best was so great that I could not have berne it many minutes longer without suffication. The train was a quick one, and I was alone in the carriage. I could not close was alone in the carriage. I could not close both windows to diminish the draught, or I should have been suffected. I tried to diminish he smoke by stuffing the cushions over the wood I put my hand under the sgat, and the blistered my hand instantly. I shricked to I from the windows till I was quite hoarge, and my neighbors in the next carriage shock their newspapers out of the windows to attract attention, but we could not succeed in stopping the train. One gentleman got out of a carriage he outside of the carriages, but was obliged a last to give up, and nothing was done until the train stopped at Slough. The cushions were then burned quite through, and I was beginning to feel that I could no endure env longer th steuss heat and the suffocating smoke."

The Journal du Harre gives a state a merchant captain of that city, wh as been at see twenty years, ien of them is n the course of the time he has saved his vesse by oiling the eca.

The now famous phrase "bottled up."

he found in Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great. In vol. 5, page 220, the author eave-"Lenwald was just finishing with the Swedes, and got them all buttled up in Siral-

137 A New Orleans editor says be counted alligators in a sail of six miles along a The Boston Post thinks this a strong

It is announced that by the let of Novemper, seventeen gold mines will have been opened in Spottes Ivania, Culpepper, Crange and

the old superstition of the Witch Have by some credulous people Several efforts have lately been made in Obio t oil wells at spots designated by the haze The latest story of this kind is one tell ing that a Mr. Ceamer, prompted by an old Indian or a silver mine said to exist in Scioto county place of his former residence. He had of the tradition before he went to the West, but had not faith in it. The Portemouth 'tren feet, and work is being prosecuted No "indications" have yet been but the "witch hazel" says that the arthere.

A monument to Sr Francis Drake-the in. The monument, however, is designed to conor him in a quieter capacity, namely, as the atroducer of the potato into Europe.

At a meeting of the Dorcas Society, held Hoboken a few evenings since, a young lady ropounded to a learned Presbyterian divine the llowing interrogatory: 'Dietor, won't you be

which looks piquant in a gir!, looking grave and | Prof. Huxley on the Races of Men.

The great series of lectures of the year-the greatest perhaps ever delivered in London on its subject—have been those on ethnology, with which Prof. Haxley has just closed the season. They were 12 in number. So impressed were his hearers, among whom were several eminent men and ladies—Mice Cobbs and Lady Lyell being very regular listeners—with the immense number of novel facts adduced, that the Professor has been earnestly petitioned on the subject of their publication. It will, however, I have reason to fear, be five or six years before he will be able, amid his pressing duties at Jermyn street Museum, the Royal College of Sargeom, and the Royal Justitution (in all of which be is now a leading professor) to prepare them for publication. It is impossible for me, in the space of a letter, to furnish even an outline of the wonderful statement, which was illustrated by ethnographic maps, ekulls, and portraits of persons of all races, in both ancient and modern times. I must content myself with presenting a few of the principles which make his method of inquiry and the general results at which he arrived. In deciding upon relationship and affiliation of the principle which has been supported to the principles which has a property of the principles of the principles which has been supported to the principles and the principles are property of the principles and the principles are property of the principles and principles are property of the principles and principles are property of the principles are property of the principles and principles are property of the principles and principles are principles are principles are principles and principles are principles and principles are princip arrived. In deciding upon relationship and affi-nities between races, Professor Huxley considers first, complexion; and he finds four great classes of complexions, which I must suggest here by the words white, yellow, red, and black, though neither of those colors are completely represented in any race or any man. He then relies upon the shape of the head, which he finds divisible more or less into long, short, round, and prominent or otherwise in the lower face. He then relies on texture of the hair. Next he considers the language as analyzed by comparative philology; then the similarity of customs, of beliefs, of habits, &c. Beginning with the Australians he finds but one tribe related to them, and that is a small tribe in the South of India. He finds that there ex sted in the neighborhood of the Caspian and Aral Seas, in ancient times, the one at the North, the other at the South, a light and blue-eyed, and a dark and black-eyed people. The dark people are found adhering to the coust, and may be traced from Pereia all around by Italy to their great western centre, the Basque region of Spain; thence they skirt France, Wales, Ireland, and are the immediate ancestors of the swarthy Britons. Welsh, and "Milesians" of Ireland of this day. From the Aral Sea to Saint Malo in the West of France there is such a level country that one may drive a wagon all the way without upsetting it. That was the path by which the migration of the fair race took place, and when they arrived here they mixed with the Basques, and to that intermixture Prof. Huxley attributes the varieties of Europe. He etrongly opposes the i fea that differences of climate could ever have produced the modifications of races, and insists that the mixture of races accounts for all. He traces no resemblance between the Africans and any cal reason for believing that the Northern or cis Saharai part of Africa was a part of Europe, and ultra S. haral Africa was an island. The Egyptians passed over from Italy and Spain, the physical connection between these and Africa oring almost traceable now at low tide. From the Egyptians came the Sprians, Arabians, Amerians, &: The Cainese, Tartars, &:, skirt nerthward into Scandisavia But beyond them there are tribes that resemble the Indians of the extreme north of America. These are very different from the aboriginies of South America. The Professor finds that each great kingdom of race had its several and original civilization. There was an Egyptian, a Cainese, a Greek, a Mexican, a Peruvan civilization, and neither of these can be regarded as having been produced by the other, though our later contres of civili-zation may be traced to one or the other of The cetails he gave concerning these c vil zationa were extremely interesting. date several thousand years before Carist) the golden rule, and found that with them origina-ted the idea that government existed for the benefit of the people governed, instead of the governors. (Some one present observed after the lecture that he thought it would be advisable to get the Chinese to cond missionaries to Eucivilization the Professor read us an Egyptian novel, deciphered from monuments which existed long before the days of the Pentateuch, which was clearly the original of the story of J soph and Potiphar's wife, and has a good deal of the style of the Arabian Nights in it. With reference to the grand question of ethnology, whether all races migrated from a single centre, or, as Agassiz thinks, were originally formed in the lands where they are found, Professor Huxley finds in the Darwinian theory a point where those who assert one and those who assert many centres for the human family may unite. thinks that in entirely pre-historic times the geographical structure of the earth was very different from what it is now, and that there were links and paths between the islands and continents, which exist no longer. Over the whole earth was distributed some very low primitive stock of the human type, and in the progress of ages these were separated the one from he other by vast geologic and geographic changes. Then, by gradual selection, the weaker and uglier of this stock in each place passed away before the stronger, until they were im-proved, and gradually culminated in their varius civilizations. Thus each, in its present form,

While Professor Huxley was in his closing lecture giving these views I could not help being truck by the foresight of our own old Ben. Franklin, who, in a letter concerning the Indian relies of the Western states, suggested that once upon a time the world may have been wrecked ike a vast ship, and that the islands, continents, being thus divided up into tribes and races from which were developed the various peoples found so steered through the world. The letter to which I refer will be found in Dayckinck's Cyclopedia of American Literature, and as a quaint (and now, it seems, important) speculation will well repay perusal. I have no idea that Mr. Hux ey ever heard that the idea had been min who said he had been "singeing the whis-kers of the King of Spain"—is proposed at Ber-evitable deduction from his own facts. This makes it all the more striking that Franklin should have anticipated what must now b garded as the delicerately adopted theory of the most accomplished ethnologist in Europe, and one who has gained the confidence of the scien-tific world everywhere by his faithful pursuit of truth, his profound humility in adhe so good as to explain to us the difference between ministers of the Roman Catholic and Baprist churches?" "Oh, certainly, it is very slight: one uses reac candles—the other dips!"

London Correspondent of the Tribune.

was created in its own island or continent.

THE HEROINE OF DAUPHINE.

Philis de la Tour du Pie, suraamed "L'He roine du Dauphine," and in her family called Maille, de la Charce, was born in 1669, at Nyone, there a magnificent house is still shown as that which the Signeurs de la Charce inhabited. Her branch of this ancient race were Protestants, descending from the great Marquis de la Charce, of whom Henri IV. made a brother inarms and a trusted friend. But towards the year they returned to the Roman Catholic feith, and have since semsined s'eady adherents of the Church of Rome. To this conversion is tradi-tionally ascribed the whole romance of Madile. de la Tour du Pin's adventurous life. The orphan eir to one of the most g'orious names in France, Raymond, Camte de Beranger, had been brought up by the Marquis de la Charce with his own children, and had looked upon Paillis as his des-sined bride. The desertion of the Protestant faith by the family of his betrethed forced young Raymond to choose between honor and love. He chose honor. The lovers were separated when Phillis was not eighteen, but their attachment proved beyond the power of circumstances. When the severity of the measures taken again-t the Protestants, and the fital revocation of the Edit de Nantes (1885) had driven the Hugu mote to deepsir, the Comte de Beranger was one of those who placed themselves at the head of the insurgents. In the south of France the Protestante were namerous and determined, and not only did the Alps of Dauphine seem to them so many fastnessess offered by nature, but the near neighborhood of the Duke of Savoy tempted them to a foreign alliance against their own sovereign. They concluded this alliance, and the Piedmontese troops were soon marching upon the frontier, and preparing to wrest one of her fairest provinces from France.

The Marquis de la Charce cied at this mo-ment, recommending his wife and family to his second daughter, Phillis, instead of, as usual, the children to their mother. His youthful son, the Vice ate de la Charce, was attached to the staff of the Marechal de Catinat, who was at Grenoble at the head of a small corps d'armée charged to defend the province. Like all those who approached Phillis, her father judged her capable of any heroic effort. Her education had been rather a mascuine one, though one by no means extraordinary among the ladies of her class in the exventeenth century in France.

She was a perfect horsewoman, an interpid huntress, "counting of fence," and the best shot for twenty leagues round. Besides this, she knew every mountain pass in the country. This was the cause of her superiority as a military com-mander; for the Protestants resolved to try a guerilla compaign, and her strategy proved too much for the invading force. Having assembled all the gentry of the province, and having under her orders about two thousand mer, she rushed forward to Gap, where the Duke of Savoy had already crossed the frontier. Gap was taken and in flames, but the enemy had evacuated it. Madile, de la Tour du Pin immediately out her little army in two, established one half in Gap, and with the other holdly set out to pursue the Pledmontese. They were overtaken by her, and in this corjuncture her tactics were those of a consummate general. She masked her forces till she as we the Savoyarde engaged in a formidable hill pase, then, with the cry of "En avail, mes amis, et vive le roi!" she here down upon them, and so effectually defeated them that they retrested into Savoy as best they might. They were cut to pieces, and Dauphine was delivered. Count Caprara strove to avenge this defeat, and attacked Phillis, but Catinat had sent her rein forcements, and she best Caprara I ke his master. When the Duke of Savoy returned to his own country he could only speak of his successful

enemy with rapturous praise.
"If," he was wont to say, "there were on such woman in my dominions, I would marry her; and had I ten wives, she should be my eleventh, were his boliness to excommunicate What a mother of heroes she would

When the invasion was defeated, Madlle, do la Charce recircd to Montmaur, an estate of her family, and laid down her arms. But the Protestants now rose on all sides, and a rebellion in the interior of the country was imminent. The population, headed by the noblesse called upon Poi lis to command them, declaring that under her orders they were certain of victory, but this she steadfastly refused. Raymond de Beranger was one of the Huguepot chiefs, and against him she could not fight. She had taken ip arms to save her country and her lover; hoping, by repelling the foreigner, to prevent M. duty, so before the husband can have any right de B-ranger from recrossing the frontier and giving bimeelf up to the vengearce of Louis value. The tongues of the enthusiasta to command, or the wife be under obligation to obey, he must remember the test of his love and there was no garden in and around N.V. But in vain: the rebels were besieged in But in vain: the rebels were besieged in and the leaders tried, condenned and

There is a nopular tradition which says that He is said to have implored this of from his wife but what she will ever near her noner, privilege, and delight to render. tion, and gave him her word that she would see her as a last proof of effection. The scaffold was erected on the great place at Nyone, oppo site the Hotel de la Tour du Pin, and the legend is that on the fatal morning the widowed stood at the window and let Raymong's dving gaz: fix itself upon her till his head fell under

the axe. Paillis died in 1703; a woman of gentle, retiring demeanor, universally beloved, and to her death erjoyed a pension the king had granted her, "comme a un brave officier". Her portrait and arms were hung up at St. Denis, by the side of those of Jeanne d'Arc, but see inbe induced to talk of her exploits. When her
be induced to talk of her exploits. When her
eister Marguerite, styled Madile, d'Aleyrac (who
wrote her biography), tried to quession her, she
words. The winding, and of course strongest
tug drarged the other off captive. those of Jeanne d'Arc, but she never could only replied, "I acted on the impulse of my reart, and I know little more than you do of the events you wish me to recount. We crove the county out of the country; God's grace enabled out to beat him everywhere; that is all Lean say." Poor Poil is! she know too well that hat to others seemed hereis had been inspired by a passionate but most natural fee is g

Her townsmen raised a monument to her at Names, where she lies buried, and she is known in French history ne the ' beroine of Dauphine

A little model of an arial machine has been exhibited in France, which, by purely me-chanical force, it is said, carries a mouse through the air. A sanguine and pairiotic critic declares that France has thus solved the diffi-

\$48 000 blood money.

Nine Wedding-Ring Rensons. Reasons for the use of the Wedding Ring in ne marriage ceremony :

1. As by turning a ring forever no end can be found, so the friendship comented by mar-inge should be endless and perpetual; not even prozen off maily by the interruption of death, ut the marriage perty separating merely during

the night of the grave in cure and certain hope of meeting again on the following of a glorious resurrection, when all that was pure and lovely In the union, shall be more as still, with the high additional perfection of continuing uninter-tupled throughout the endless cound of a blessed

nmortality.

2. As the marriage ring should be made of are gold, which is the most pure or simple of al metale, so the marriage uring, ermented by that impressive pledge given at I remixed shou'd be nore in its origin, pure in its con tinunce, and so pure in all its motives as to contradictinguish the contracting parties from all letimacies founded upon gross or carnal principles, and as nearly as possible resembling the love of Christ for his spouse the Church sho so loved the Church that he gave himself

3 As sold, of which the marriage ring should be made, is estremed the most valuable of all metals, to the love and friendship implied in the marriage ring should ever be considered as infl nitely more valuable than any other eystem of which human nature is expable.

4 As gold is the most compact or least porous of metals, so the marriage love and riendship should be so closely comented by the blending into each other of all the kind and good affections of the parties, as to leave no pos-sible aperture or opening for the introduction of any strange or forbidden affection. Each party should always be prepared to say of the other,

"The leveliness my beart hath pre-possest, And left no room for any other guest.'

5. As gold, by the action of the most intense heat, even in a crucible, cannot lose any par-ticular of its original weight and worth, but mes out of the crucible as heavy and as valuable as when it was put is, losing nothing in consequence of the fiery ordeal, except whatever portion of dross or alloy may have been incor-porated with the pure metal; so the most severe afficience, and firry persecutions, which may be the portion of the marriage parties, during some of the changes and changes of this mortal life, should never be able to deteriorate or take from the marriage union any part of its intrinsic worth or beauty, but the parties should rise from the furnace of aftiction and the dishonors of the grave without having lost anything excepthe grosser particles of earth and sio, which may have unhappily attached themselves to the mystic union which was intended to occure their felicity.

6. The marriage ring should be perfectly plain; that is, no chared, raised, or artificial work should appear on its surface-implying that the marriage union should not be the result of any artifice, on account of wealth, equipage, honor, or the undue influence of friends, but the plain requit of an honorable and religious affection between the contracting parties and that God who first is stituted the holy estate of matri

7. As gold is an incorruptible metal—that is if thrown into the mire, or imbedded in the most impure soil, it will never become corrupt, corrode, or imbide one speck of rust or impurity, so should the marriage love and friendship, how ever it may be sometimes obliged to descend from the elevation of afflicance into the deepest valley of penury or distress, be doomed waste its swee nees on the desert air," be incar cerated within the gloom, confines of the prison cell, or associate with the poor, the mean, or the ilterate; still, like its incorruptible emblem, should is continue as bright and beautiful as ever.

. As gold is the most duotile of all metale, so that an ounce can be besten out to cover an acre of land, or gild a finely attenuated thread to embrace the circumference of the world's surfice, so should the results of the marriage union faifil the original command, to increase, mul-tiply, and cover the earth with "The precious sone of Z on, comparable to fine gold."

9. As the marriagering exhibits sothing to imply pre-eminence of the one party over the other, notwithstanding that the word obey is applied to the woman rather than the man, yet the man should ever recoiled, that as, in forensic courts, especially Courts of Equity, the plaintiff must appear with what is called "clean hands," in other words, have fully done his part and incerity, which is given in Holy Scriptures, viz "Husbands love your wives, as Christ loved the Courch;" but how did Christ prove His love for the Church? by dying for it. When a lov which this is the model, predominates in When a love of husband's heart, he can require no obedience from his wi'e but what she will ever feel it to

The American Artisan estimates that the accumulated expansion of the rails in a line of railroad 500 miles long, would amount at the ighest summer temperature to nearly one fourth of a mile as compared with the length of the same rails during the coldest weather of winter.

A curious trial of strength occurred at Buffaio on Toursday last. There was a dispute as to the relative strength of two tugs, and it was decided by attioning a strong haweer from the stern of one to the other, and then at a given

An old gentlemen recently attempted to ve a large buy from the bonnet of a lady. who sat in front of him at the theatre. The sult was, he unrooted all her back hair. Deeply charrined, he hactily apologized, but soon learned that the hur was artificial, and was used to held the head and hair together. A scene was the

A senzible busband in Ciyde, N. Y., hae discovered and adjusted a scandal in his non-schold after an approved fashion. He surprised his wife and a man of profigate character in relations to each other that proved the woman be longer worthy of his pricection. He crew a re-

WHICH SHALL IT BE.

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?" I looked at John-John looked at me. (Dear, patient John, who loves me yet As well as though my locks were jet.)
And when I found that I must speak, My voice seemed strangely low and weak. Tell me sgain what Robert said; list'ning bent my head. This is the letter.

" [will give A house and land while you shall live, It, in return for, out of seven One child to me for age is given."

I looked at John's own garments worn, I thought of all test John had borns Of poverty, and work, and care, Which I, though willing, could not share; I thought of seven mouths to feed, Of seven little children's need,

And then of this. "Come, John," said I, "We'll choose among them as they lie Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand, Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped, Where Lillian, the baby slept. Her damp curls lay like gold alight, A glory 'gainet the pillow white Sofily her father stooped to lay His rough hand down in loving way When dream or whisper made her stir, And huskily John, "Not her-not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed, And one long ray of lamplight shed Athwart the boyieh faces there, In sleep so beautiful and fair; I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak, "He's but a baby, too," said I, And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face Still in his eleep bore suffering's trace, "No, for a thousand crowns, not him," We whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son, Torbulent, reckless, idle one-Could be be spared? Nay, He who gave, B de us befriend him to the grave; Only a mother's heart out be Patient enough for such as he. "And so," said John, "I would not dare To send him from her bedeids prayer."

Then stole we softly up above And knels by Mary, child of love, "Perhaps for her 'twould better he," I said to John. Quite silently He lifted up a curi that lay Across her check in willful way, And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee," The while my beart best audibly

Only one more, our eldest la ! Trusty and truthful, good and glad—So like his father. "No, John, no; I cament, will not, let him go."

And so we wrote, in courteous way, We could not give one child away And afterward, toil lighter seemed, Toloking of that of which we had dreamed. Happy, in truth, that not one face We missed from its accustomed place; Thankful to work for all the seven, Trusting the rest to One in Heaven

The Heart of an Artist.

The celebrated singer, Henriette Sontag, began omething about the boards that represent the theatrical world will readily believe that the young, amiable and highly endowed artist had to struggle against envy; but her first debut was a splendid one, in spite of the envy of her colleagues. However, she was hissed at as passionately by the enakes of the side scenes as was received with applause by the lions of the parterre. Miss Amalie Sulninger was one of the most enraged of these snakes -a lady whose octave was reduced long ago by the storm of passion to a few hoarse notes. Nevertheless Miss Amalio had her knights, who still always wore her colors, and fought for her beauty, and by aid of this knighthood she encoæeded in put-

ting her rival to flight. Miss Sontag sing (some years later) at one of the first theatres of Birlin, together with the celebrated tenor, Fager, and triumphed over Berlin that hadn't been plundered in order to give her flowers. Her carriage was always sur-rounded by people of the first families; aye, some nights they took the horses off and drew the carriage themselves. That's what I call en-thusiasm! So, as before said, she was the Catalina of her time, with the exception that she was young and beautiful, while the former was

carriage stop, and called the little singer.

"What is your name, my pretty little Vienna girl " was her question, leaning on the door of

"Naunerll" was the answer, given in the Anatrian dialect by the little one.
"Who is that woman you lead there?"

"O, that's my plor, blind mother, madem."

"And the name of your poor, blind mother ?"

"Amalie Steninger."
"Amalie Steninger?" asked Henriette Sontag, th the preatest surprise.
Yee, Amalie Steninger. My mother was a

celebrated singer before the lost her voice and her eyes, because she had cried so much. After this all our friends left us. We had to sell

"Gentlemen," said the calebrated singer, finally, "permit me to make, here in the street, declares that France has thus solved the difficulty of shorting either, he extorted from both a collection for a collection f

asked Henriette, enjoying the surprise of the

Behind the Konigemauer, No. 12 " "Namerl, give your mother the love of her old colleague and friend, Henriette Sontag, and tell her to await me this afternoon. I will come

to see you and talk with you."
"Henriette Sontag!" said the little girl, highly astonished, and ran fast to her mother to

tell her who the young, heantful lady was.

Alas! the good child didn't understand he mother's tears. The collaborated singer kept ho-word. She visited her in the course of the day in company with an old friendly gentleman, and embraced her unfortunate colleague with hearty simpathy, and was particularly circful not to talk about Vienna, so as not to reguld Amalie tow built she had treated her. The friend of the singer was a renowned oculst, who exhis head sorrowfo it, for he had no hope of curing her. Henrietts sing the popular " lphl. gene," for the benefit of an oppressed artist, and we need not say that poor Amalie was this attist. Heterie to Suting took cure of her to the end of her hie and gove the little gld (*ho is now a celebrated accrees and remembers always with love and gratitude the noble heart of the einger) a very good education.

The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury tells the wing story : The Summerville train vester. day morning ran into a negro at about four miles only morning ran into a negro at about four miles from this city. The train was making about 15 miles an hour, and the regro, when struck by the cow-catcher, was thrown about 15 feet in the air, falling on the engine, between the back of the com-esteher and the boiler. By the time that the train could be stopped, he was in that the train could be stopped, he was in a lively condition and was complaining that the boiler burned bim. The poor fellow was out upon the foot and head; but he was able to walk, and his injuries are not in any way dan-

The late George B. De Forest, of New ork, leaves \$860,000, of which each of his four children geta \$50 000, and his widow \$660 000 The original manuscripts of Sir Walter Scott's poems, and some of his prose composi-tions, were sold at auction, is London, on the

There is an instinct in the heart of man which makes him fear a cloudless happiness. It seems to him that he owes to misfortune a tithe of his life, and that which he does not pay bears interest, is amused, and largely swells a debt which sconer or later he must acquit.

The Constitutional Union, of Washing-

ton City, reports that a Runio inscription has been discovered near the Great Falls in the Potomac; that it records the death of an Iceland of woman named Sussu, who died in 1051; that the discovery proves the visit of the Northmon to our shores five centuries before the time of Columbus, and that they made explorations in-land. It is also stated that fragments of teeth, brongs trinkets, coins and other curious things

have been exhumed from the grave.

The sentence of the would-be assumed of the Emperor of Russia, at Paris, to imprison-ment at hard labor for life, is a wonderful proof of the progress of humane legislation. A hundred years ago he would have been broken on

the wheel, or quartered.
The Adventist millennium is postponed

until next year in Connecticut.

The Marion (Ohio) Mirror of the 21 inst.

says that Mrs. Richardson, near that town, had mi-sed her little boy, and went out into the gar-des to bunt him. To her horror she saw the little 'ellow, eighteen months old, literally er-veloped in the folds of a monster snake. She heroically seized the snake in her hands and tore it loose. No sooner was he loose, however, her career in Vienns. Every one that knows than he made for the mother, ferceiously, and coiled himself about her person, attempting to strangle her as he did the boy. She again seized him, and disengaged herself from him, and killed him with an axe. The little child awelled up for several days, but has finally recovered. The stake is what is called the "blue racer." which does not bite, but strangles. It measures

The most powerful fountain in the world is at Bennington, Vermont, on the premises of S. S. Huut. The water is brought in a six inch pipe from an elevation of \$25 feet, and is thrown an inch jet to the height of 154 feet. Tre basin of the fountain is one hundred feet in diameter and 4; feet deep, and the entire works cost \$20,000. The celebrated founts in at Chalz-

worth, England, throws only a jet 30 feet high While a Mr. Rice was esting cherries on m hear and viewing the working of his bees, a hive being close to him, one of the bees atung him on the upper lip, when he immediately started for the house, calling to his mother for some remedy, laughingly remarking that a bee had atung him. The remedy was applied, but in half an hour the man was speechless, and soon

haif an hour the man was speechless, and come after was a corpse.

137 As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever emiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its eleep there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if happy, she carreses it. In pay or in sorrow, in west or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is heaven. The mother is the deity of infance.

139 A Mrs. Chamberiain, of New Haven, dreamed the other sight that her son, eleven, dreamed the other sight that her son eleven in the south of on a very fine morning when Henriette Sontag was riding in one of the most fashionable streets of Berlin, surrounded by numerous riders, streets of Berlin, surrounded by numerous riders, guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it

her eyes, because she had cried so much. After this all our friends left us. We had to sell covery thing we had, and have to begins for for freeds left us. We had to sell covery thing we had, and have to begins for for freeds into breach for a daily bread."

Henriette Sontag could not speak; the tears that pearled in her large bright eyes choked her voice. The riders had also stopped, and took the greatost interest in this striking scene.

"Gentlemen," said the calebrated singer, finally, "permit me to make, here in the street, a collection for a collesgue who look her eyes.

The work of altering the old middle middle muskets into breach loaders is going on briskly, and twenty-five thousand have already undergone trensformation.

The work of altering the old middle into the place of the old middle who have already undergone trensformation.

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The work of altering the old middle into the place of the old middle into the place of the striking and the old the twenty-five thousand have already undergone trensformation.

The work of altering the old middle into the place of the old middle into the place of the striking and the old the old into the place of t that pearled in her large bright eyes choked her voice. The riders had also stopped, and took the greatest interest in this striking scene. PHILADELPHIA CAPILE MARKETS
such more casily tran the model bears its tiny
saveller
faveller

It is believed that Lope, who betrayed
faveller, was assessmated and robbed of his
from a two years' sojourn in Europe.

PHILADELPHIA CAPILE MARKETS

exch other. Then he made the man awear to let he conly one gliding in the hands old." Before the company diffused themselves gupter, treat well, and never desert the young, for this poor child." The little girl had her to their respective places of abode, a youth of the poor child." The supply of this poor child." The proof realized from 12 of the poor realized from 12 of the poor manner to let had been to their respective places of abode, a youth of the poor realized from 12 of the poor realized from 12 of the poor manner to let had been to their respective places of abode, a youth of the nands in a moment toll of poid and elver, and throught that too had sent an angel to relieve the company diffused themselves gupter, treat well, and never desert the young, and turned themselves gupter, treat well, and never desert the young, for the company diffused themselves gupter, treat well, and never desert the young, for this poor child." The little girl had her to their respective places of abode, a youth of the tother respective places of abode, a youth of the tother respective places of abode, a youth of the nands in a moment full of gold and elver, and the proof of the nands in a moment full of poid and elver, and the nands in a moment full of poid and elver, and the poor realized from 12 of the nands in a moment full of poid and elver, and the poor of the nands in a moment full of poid and elver, and the nands in a moment full of poid and elver, and the nands in a moment full of poid and elver, and the nands in a moment full of poid and elver, and the nands in a moment full of poid and elver, and the nands in a moment full of poid and elver, and th

The Use of Mosquitoes.

Dr. Osgood finds that even mosquitoes do nod service to the world, and are useful even to home who enathematics there:

God means to give us arrength as well as wisdom, and he is as much opposed to idlenses and inefficiency as to fully and improvidence. the keeps his rational oreature ever on the slert, and in ruder ages he set the wild beauss about onen as a kind of watch to keep them awake; and cometimes it was the stern destiny of the backwoodsman either to slay or be claim, or to eat the bear or be eaten by him. Even the amoving insects that we so little love and the late of the cometime of the love and so readily committo Bulzabah, the demon of flice as of lies, have a use, and are, like the mosquirose, a sent of police guard to keep sluggards wake, especially on warm daws; and undoubtedly those little imps, whom I do not love, add to the wealth and health of the nation, by sparring the lazy and elemps to work, and keeping many a lounger from a parilous nap in mala tions regions

Austria is toak ng rapid progress in the pain of political reform, having secured an act making the Imperial ministers responsible to the Legislature. For such a law the people of France and Prusala have long asked in vain.

R. R. R. - HADWAY'S READY RELIEF -To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the allments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELLER guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and syslematic : It will surely cure! There is no other remedy, no other Linimany, no kind of Pain-att. Lan, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as HADWAT'S READY RELIEF. thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting room and at the forge, among civi-lians and soldiers, in the parior and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: " The moment Radway's Ready Relief is opplied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, rain, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!" Use no other kind for Menains, or Hunns, or Mcalbe, or Curs, CRAMPS, BRUISES, OF STRAIRS It Is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITTS, also STITUS OF POL. onous Insters. It is unparalleled for Sun Bruos as, APOPLEXY, HUNCHATISM. TOUTHACKS, Tie Bolow REUX, INVIANMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and speedy cure will be effected. Hold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle.

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[[] Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev Wm B Wood, ir HAMURI McDownii, to Miss Many Wood, Mr. Banum. McDownell to Miss Mary Wood, both of this city.

On the 20th of June by the Rev. Geo. A. Durbortow, Mr. Thomas S. Marrasws to Emely H. C. Coop, both of this city.

On the 11th Instant, by the Rev. Pennel Coombe, Mr. Harvond E. Fradry to Miss Mary J. Dr. Law, both of this city.

On the 19th of June, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. Charles H. Denn to Miss Anna E. Stierl, both of this city.

On the 19th of June, by the Rev. A. Alwood, Mr. Charles H. Denn to Miss Anna E. Stierl, both of this city.

of this city.

On the 76th of June, by the Rev J. H. Peters,
Mr. Charles F. Huwernways to Miss. Hills. Conaux., both of Camden, N. J.

动黑山果然花.

ITP Notices of Deaths must always be accompa-nied by a responsible name.

ate Hobt. Colville, aged 24 years lith instant, Janua Ann races, in his 54th year.
On the 15th instant, Mr. Thomas Larours, aged 34th year On the 15th instant, Joanna N. Roberto, in her 15d year.
On the 14th instant, Mrs. Roberto Davis, aged will years.
On the 15th instant, William F. Milliam, in his to the 13th lostant, Mr. James Strein in ble

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR.—The market has been very duil. About 20 to this sold at Sees 50 to told for superflow. Sho 2 to feeters, Stime 15, 50 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family, site of for Penna and Other family and 5 to it for the bottom fancy stands, according to quality. Rye I load is setting at \$2.50 to 50 to 150.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS

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HUNGARIAN SONG.

Do you not een how our gallant Theress Sits her white charger a-top of the hil?
Do you not hear how the people applical her,

A weman in heart, and a hero to We are the men who rife Round her on every side.

Bearing the banner and wield Many a dinted brand Gued to the striker's hand Bites through her foce, when Tocreas le mont!

G oriously rich is the crown of St. Stephen; Many a horsy bright jewel is there; Gold, ruddy gold, of the Lambard's own making For the brows of our Captain to wear,

We are the men who stand R and her on every hand, Waiting to offer the welcome we bring, Till she hath claim'd her own, Till they have press'd that crown

Firm on the head of Therees, our king. Warriors from Posth that looks down on the

Men from old Gran to the forts of Belgrade!

All that are girt by our circling Carpathians, Hear the deep vow that Thereta hath made! We with the rest of you,

Round her the Magyar do march as her sons; Claiming our liberty Caly to fight and die

Thus, for Thereen, the K ng of the Huns.

-ARTHUR J. MUNDY.

DIARY FOR A HOT WEEK - Sunday - Day of rest, of course nothing can be done. Mondaytate in beginning anything. Tuceday—Defermine not to let the week go by without make ving something brilliant. Wednesday—Resolve on vigorous measures for to morrow. Thursday - Mature yesterday's deliberations. Filday - Rather too late in the week to do anything. Saturday-Give vourself up to Society, and or sult friends (who know best) what is to be done

You seed not tell all the truth, unless to who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be truth

SEA-MEWS IN WINTER TIME.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

I walked beside the dark gray sea,
And said, "O world, how cold thou art!
Thou poor white world, I plty thee, For joy and warmth from thee depart.

You rising wave licks off the snow, Winds on the crag each other chase, In little powdery whirls they blow

The misty fragments down its face. "The sea is cold, and dark its rim, Winter eits cowering on the wold, And I, beside this watery brim,

Am also lonely, also cold." I spoke, and drew towards a rock, Where many mews made twittering sweet Their wings upreared, the clustering flock D.d put the sea grass with their feet.

A rock but half submerged, the rea Ran up and washed it while they fed; Their fond and foolish ecstacy

A wondering in my fancy bred. Joy companied with every cry, in their food, in that keen wind,

That heaving sea, that shaded sky, And in themselves, and in their kind. The phantoms of the deep at play!

What id ess graced the twittering things; Luxurious paddlings in the spray, And delicate lifting up of wings. Then all at once a flight, and fast

The lovely crowd flew out to sea ; mine own life had been recast, Earth had not looked more changed to

"Where is the cold? You clouded skies Have only dropped their curtains low. To shade the old mother where she lies, Sleeping a little, 'neath the snow.

"The cold is not in crag, nor scar, Not in the snows that lap the les, Not in you wings that beat afar, Delighting, on the crested sea;

" No, nor in you exultant wind That shakes the oak and bends the pize, Look near, look in, and thou shalt find No sense of cold, fond fool, but thins !"

And thoughts within me did unfold Whose sunshine warmed me to the heart. I wa'kel in joy, and was not cold.

SHADOWS AND OUTLINE. INTRODUCTION

Depend upon it life is a grim joke-a fantastic admixture of the sublime and ridiculous. Look back upon your own career, my friend, and see what a strange tangled well it is. What smudges and bletches and patches there are in it! Every now and then, it is true, you see a gorgeous bit of pattern, full of graceful lines and curves; but do they not run into ridiculous twiste and twirls and fautastic angles that burlerque the beautiful and travestic the sublime?

I offer you there three rough etchings of my own life by way of illustration. Limned from nature, you may take them as untouched studies. They tell their own story, and leave something to the imagination besides.

A long, straggling, crooked street, with the shadow of the Eizebethan age upon it; a street with old gabled houses in it, and dark alleys; a street to wander about and ponder about. Nearly every chop was a museum of curiosities. The furniture brokers of the city—the fine old city of Severneross—had settled down in Tick Street like a swarm of birds, and had made their nests in the life of the city—the fine old city of Severneross—had settled down in Tick Street like a swarm of birds, and had made their nests. in a line, after the fashion of the few antique time immemorial.

The breker's neets were varied by a few green grecere, who were tolerated because they were seful in supplying the others with potatoes and cibbiges, dried fish and cucumbers. But no other foreigners to the tribe were permitted, ex cept a Jew clothesman, who took up his station in a dark corner despite the most formidable opposition; and I question whether " Moches," as he was called in derision, would have trihad a strange charm for the greengrocers' wives of the quarter and other elatternly women from distant execute, who visited the Jew at all sea-

sons with something under their aprona. The brokers were a proud race, and a curious but, strange to say, they were under pettices government, and, strange to say, under spinste al government. Miss Whilelmens Juks was to oblef of the race, and next to her came Miss Chaiks. Both ladies were artists in their say, and sopplemented brokering with artistic Miss Jake made wax figures and tablows," as she called them, and Miss Chalks

Miss Jaks, who were red ribbon in her cap. rejoiced in a pale yet persistent mustable, and was given to bursting the books of her dress behind, cid a fair amount of business in all those miscellaneous articles of furniture which often to be picked up cheap at sales by auction by the professional bidder who bids and bides Lis time; who is the first to put in ap-pearance beneath the shadow of the auctioneer s rostrum, and the last to leave the place. Miss Jake had a flerce, quick way of bidding, too, which was said to be highly successful, and which was looked upon as a wonderful gift by se far as to say that her mustache had been a fortune to her, but they never went into any de-

tailed reasons for this assertion.

The truth is, Miss Jinks had a masculine, domineering way with her, and was an energetic woman, continually fighting and asserting her-She was perpetually announcing her birth and parentage, and demonstrating her superiority | me from pure good nature.

no more than real mabogany is to be bought for the price of deal. Your Chalkees may think it elevating to stuff birds and put glass eyes in their poor weak little heads; but hi's for them as knows what true ert is to enap their fingers at such rubbish. What do you say, Arthur?"

That was your humble servant. I was Arthur; Arthur Westwood. When this little outbreak of temper on the part of Miss Jenks occurred, I had been engaged for more than a week to seelet in painting her was figures. My father and mether were "poor but industrious," as the story books put it, and my five shillings a week formed an important addition to the general

Miss Jinks had three rooms set spart for he "Gallery of Arts," her "Wonders in Wax," to which her customers were admitted without charge, and which she contemplated removing at some future day to the great metropolis. Her figures were about the eles of the ordinary Punch puppers, and they were all her own ma aufacture. There were among them kings and queens and princes of all climes; poets and generals, pickpockets and murderers; and model of every bird, beast, and rep'ile, copied from a large folio edition of "Goldsmith's Animated Nature." Some of the figures were rouped in tableaux, and others were stuck up in single file. There was Daniel in the lion's den, and Moses holding up the serpent; Napoleon at St. Helena; the coronation of Queen Victoria; the trial of a bandit chief; the capture of a negro; and Byron bidding adieu to his native

Some of these groups were englosed in glass mees. Miss Jinks set most value upon the Scripture pieces; and she had succeeded, by means of a pair of old clock-wheels, a piece of string, and a handle, in making Daniel nod his head at an apoplectic ion, and by the same appliances the enake was made to spin round and and; but Miss Jinks explained to her friends and admirers that she scared above mere tricks of this sort; she had only introduced mechan m just to show what might be done; her great tject was to imitate nature in all its beauteou forms and colors; and she hoped she had auc eeded-to say nothing of the correct costum

of the periods. When persons of more than ordinary positio after making a purchase, were induced to visit the gallery, Miss Jinks would quietly slip behind a curtain in the third room, and perform sundry she had bought at the sale of the boarding school establishment where she was educated and upon which she had learnt the five fingered xercise. Mus Jinks was a lover of order and harmony. She liked all things to be in keeping, she said; and so, when her visitors were looking at Duciel, she struck up the O'd Hundredth with impossible variations; "Rob Roy" accompanies the bandit scene, and "God Save the Queen

the coronation. The figures were marvels in the way of ever and arms. The former were always very wide open, and the latter usually fixed in a painful a sertion of assumed authority. Napoleon was boking through his glass at a soldier, who was close to him; and Qieen Victoria was citting very jointly on a posteboard throne, tursing her sceptre in a very mondlin fastion, among a crowd of rickety, drunken, spooney looking lords, and dukes, and generals, and bishops some with drawn awards, others with their hands pon their hips, striking magnificent attitudes Byron was sitting up in a boat all alone, with his shirt collar undone, and his native hills were rising up a few inches from the shore, and in a very threatening attitude; whilst in the lions' den, at the coronation, at St Helena, and in the wilderness, hirds and beasts and reptiles were flying and creeping and prowling about in all the glory of blue, and red, and green, and yellow, with golden heads, and tails, and eyes, and legs, and fest, of the most varied and gorgeous

Miss Jinks loved plenty of color. "Nature so just give that peacock another touch of bius,

and give the lixard a green topping. ceived their final touches of color, I, Arthur Westwood, received the gorgeous spinater's instructions, and carried them out. Few fellows would believe that this was my first introduction to art. My instructress had, as I have said, a tremendous eye for color, and she was always as vious that it should be understood she was as mateur. Art was not her profession, neither was it a necessity to her on the score of money it was her hobby, her recreation, and she neve failed to explain all this upon all occasions.

Your Chalkees and such like may pretend to be brokers and furniture dealers and con niseers of articles of virtue, but it is one thing to do that as a profession, and live by it, and another to stuff birds and all serie of filthy things, and really get your bread and cheese by that; though why I should say bread and chees the hodies of the birds and beret which they stuff - the process is well known : but ors, and so never mind that, Arthur, but look to the color and don't be afraid of your blue and reds. If nature makes a thing blue, wh nature means it to be real blue, and so make i

as blue as you can, Arthur."
It was a strange world, this new world which epeaced up to me at Jinks's; quite a world of wonder and romance. To be allowed to revel in Goldsmith's book, and the history of England, of book of fairy tales, eastern legends, and Byron poems; and not only to look at the picture but to paint models from them, and have rea paints and brushes! This was something pants and brushes! This was something be-yord all my childish dreams; and be have five children a week for such glavious amusement! There was something so mervellously romantic about the whole thing, that half my time I could not bely believing that Miss Whilelmens Juke

and parentage, and demonstrating her superiority both in learning and wealth.

A room all to myself, and paints all to myself, and all the contents of a Noah's ark done up in merchant, and a merchant in thith very city, and a boarding school education was mine from a child, with use of the globes and wool-work; and wen I came to years of discretin, I copied his contracts, and kep his ledger, and it is not contents with my studio and paints and pictures for those who have here here the streets with my studio and paints and pictures. for those who have been brought up otherwise continually in my poor little moddle. All very nidebulous; and yet that made me a painter.

There was no gaineaying this from a woman Ay, and more; my being an artist was the of forty, who looked at you with a pair of flerce | means of introducing me to her who made such

you had.

"It's all very well for your Chalkees and others to set themselves up, and make out that they have real genteel ideas, but they are not to be beddened in the west which we

I discovered that my spinsterial angel was any thing but a goddese. I was hardly twelve year old when I fund that I was living in a fool's Miss Jinks and that all the visitors made for of Miss Jinks and her petit artist. O, that I could have gone on it my ignorance, blissfully painting puppets! When my father became well off I seek to acknow and leavest to be ashamed of the name of Jinks, though I impibed my love o art at that muddy source in Tick S reet, where the morning of my life first broke in such glories of blue, and carmine, and amber.

II .- TWILIGHT.

No, I would not part with that palette for a hundred pounds. I am not rich either, Heaven knows that! I have painted for years and years, and old Tandy, the dealer, takes a sufficient and old Tandy, the dealer, takes a sufficient number of pictures from me to make my his one enough for an old bachelor. But a hundred pounds, no, not a thousand, would buy that poor little pilette, with the dried-up patches of color upon te-her pilette.

I was a young fellow when first I knew her

e was a member of that drawing-class which established in the northern city. You don't I established in the northern city. You don't know the city? A quaint old monkish place to dream away a life in; a city with a cathedra and castle which the sun lights up in a thousand etrangely beautiful ways; a city fully repre-sented by those ecclesiastical and feudal build inge, which stand on a high hill overlooking the Wear. Mr. Beverley has put many a bit of the banks of this same water into his magnificent Drury Lane scenery. But how I wander. Let me see, I was talking about that palette of E ith's.

Sie was an orphan, and lived with a mailer aunt in the college yard. Such eyes! That does not come within a thousand miles of their sparkling depth. And her brown hair deftly twined over her forehead. I fancy I can see her now, bending over her work and struggling at it in her childish desperation.

" I shall pever be able to draw any better. she said, her pretty lips pouring, and a tear trickling down her fair cheek; "but I really

think I have an eye for color."
"An eye for color!" I remember saying to myself; "an eye for love-an eye to make men happy all his days"

But I was a young fellow then, susceptible and enthusiastic, and I fell in love with Edith Viner almost the first moment I saw her.
"And I am determined I will do something; feel that I could make ench a picture if I only knew how to convey my swn ideas and impressions."

"Make a picture! Yes, as pretty a one as ever adorned canvas," I said, on the impulse of the moment.

"Now you are laughing at me," she said, sadly, not taking my compliment, nor noticing the flush on my face. "Everybody laughs at me. Aunt calls me stupid, and the girls in the class nudge each other and titter at what they call my impossible trees and eccentric ani male.

"I was not laughing, I assure you," Miss Viner," I said, scriously; "I should be the last to laugh at you—I who admire you so much, and..."

She had remained behind of er the class had broken up, and her sweet, confiding manner to me was irrestrible. I fear I forgot my position as tutor entirely. I statemered cut some hurried, silly d claration of love, and felt as if m very existence depended upon the effect it would make. I can remember the sensation now, gray old brobelor as I am; and I have not fugotten the awful feeling of chagrin and disappointment at the ringing laugh which greeted my outburst

of romance.
"Why, what a silly young man you must be, Mr. Westwood. It is really too absurd. Here am I anxious that you should teach me how to paint, and you actually begin to talk about ve-like Don Quixotte, or a person in a

play. And the lively, arch, round, supple, brighteved girl laughed og in with intense amusement. I was piqued; she had made me look foolish; she had ridicaled my tenderest hopes. I had p ctured something qu'te different to this, and had seen myself, by her desire, suing for hand at the feet of that old griffio, her aunt, in the cathedral close.

"Now don't be so silly any more, Mr. Westwood, and I will promise never to mention what has occurred. It is too absurd, you

"Well, perhaps it is," I said, without under standing her, but with an intense sense of being

abeurdly foolish.
"There," she said, passing from the subject with the supremest indifference, "please to look at that, and tell me if you think I shall ever pairt, and will you teach me? I have asked aunt, and she is willing to fit me up a studio of

From beneath her clock she produced a bit of oil color-a poul reflecting she drooping branches of a brech-tree. It was an autumn sketch full of rough unstudied off cts of light and shade that for the moment astonished me mightily. There was evidence of the amateur; but the vigor, the depth of tone of the unstudied toucher

"This is yours?" I said, coldly. "Yee," the eaid, bending her head, and look

'It is very clever; you will paint," I said. "Oh, think you, thank you, Mr. Westwood she said, looking up with great carnestness. was afraid you would laugh at it; aunt called it

Here is her secret, then, I thought. Her genius has made itself manifest to her : she is uder its persistent influence.

"I would give the world to paint. I will succeed, and you must help me."

I did help her, during many a happy, happy nour, in that studio overlooking the river, and in the dear old Grets words, and on the grand Tecsdale moors. That bit beneath Tiro by the Tecséale moors. fireplace is a study the made under my eves in the bed of the Tees. Notice the rock down he neath the water, the liquid-amber stream, which

Sir Walter Scott sung about. Something like In less than twelve months she painted far better than her tutor, who before half that time had passed was her slave in everything. I have sat and watched her and loved her like a young feliow can love, and she knew it. But i there was the faintest attempt at pointed homage

gray eyes, and who flourished a brawny arm, a change in the tangled weft of my tangled life, on my part, she would pool-pool the whole that could easily have struck you to the earth if that I may exhibit it fairly, in proof of the grim thing with an indifference to my feelings which thing with an indifference to my feelings which often struck me as heartless in the extreme. Sometimes I went bome half mad with rage and wounded pride, and determined to leave the place forever; but morning brought hope, and longing to see Elith, lenging to be at her side, to hear her speak, ay, it only to wince at her equical laugh, and her oft repeated saying, that "love was the greatest nonsense she had ever heard of,—painting the grandest of the arts."

I never could comprehend her. By degrees I oame to think of her in the light of a sort of intellectual Undine, before the human soul tem.

intellectual Undine, before the human soul tem pered the waywardness of the fairy. She seemed person the way wardness of the fairy. She seemed to possess everything that makes woman lovely and lovable, but the one thing above all others most essential,—a woman's heart.

One morning I received a note from her aunt. in which I was informed that the leasons cease, as Miss Viner was going to leave the

northern city.

I hurried to the house, and met on the doorstep a big, mustached, dark fellow. I asked for Miss Viner, as usual. She came running down stairs; and at her call of "Elward! Edward! the gentleman turned round and foldear !"

lowed her into the drawing room.

"Come in, Mr. Westwood; pray come in," she said.

"Let me introduce you to Captain Howard, of the Bombay Artillery. Mr. Westwood,—Captain Howard."

We bowed stifly to each other, and I looked "I see you are puzzled, Mr. Westwood. To-

porrow Captain Howard is to be my husband nd we leave here en route for India the next I shall not attempt to describe my feelings; I

fear they were made very apparent at the time.
Anger and contempt had, surely, some share in
the expression of my poor suipid feee on that
occasion; but I could only see cool indifference on Elish's.

I turned to go away, but Mies Viner pre-

vented me.
"Here," she said, "is a little present before I hope you will treasure it, -my palette.

I shall never paint again."

There was comething peculiarly sad in the tone of voice in which she said, "I shall never

The next day she had left the old city with her husband. How I wished myself a boy again, painting puppets in that little back room in the western city! I have painted many a one since, for that matter.

By the way, I have lately learnt that when Miss Jinks died, the Chalkees purchased the "Galiery of Arts," and combined the two establishments. How little we know who will step into our shoes when we are gone! Perhaps our greatest enemy may quietly seat himself in our own chair in the favorite freeide corner. Thank Heaven's science cannot penetrate the future. We look upon the tangled weft as we spin it; but we know nothing of the lines, and curves, and broken threads to come.

III .- EVENING.

A jilted old bachelor, am I? Well, if you like, that is my character. And I am silly enough to hang on to the garment of memory, and make a fool of myself over an old palette that belonged to a echool-girl.

I often wondered if she saw the notices of my works in the papers. O course she did. They got all the journals at Bombay. Hard work is a good thing when you are in trouble. Some fellows labuc away on claret; some work, as they say, on beer only; some on a dry pipe. I worked on a dry, heart-breaking sorrow. I had filled my very soul with one face; and, all at once, the image was not only gone forever, but I had discovered its utter worthlessness.

Eith was to me a narrow, selfish, heartless woman; a siren, who had tempted me to wreck and ruin. My soul had yearned to her, not only in love, but in admiration. She was a genius, born with a specialty for art. She was the sublime thing which seemed all at once to spring up cut of a ridiculous past. All my vague romantic passions encircled her, and I loved her like,well, like an artist who is young and poor will

And I could not help treasuring that palette for the sake of our happy days, and in memory of that one sad look which came into her eyes and voice at parting. Did she really regret her cho'ce? Could she have been unduly influenced? Had she any choice in the matter? Many a long year afterwards, when I had made my mark, and got beyond Tandy, the dealer (perhaps you remember his place behind

the Haymarket?) a young lady called upon me. There was a dark old Indian woman with her, who court-ied very low.
"Mr. Westwood. I believe." said the young lady, a line full grown woman of about twenty,

and dreseed in deep mourning. "Yes," I said, off-ring a seat.
"My name is Howard," she said. "I have

recently arrived from Bombay. I felt my hear: beating strangely, and the blood rushing into my stupid old face. I could eee the likeness of Elith; it was particularly noticeable in the full gray eyes.

'My mother said I was so tell you..."

"Is she still living?" I ventured to ask, for the suspense was awful. The girl shook her head, and the tears came

into her eyes as she said, "I am an orphan.
Something brought the little palette to m nd, and its poor faded patches of color, and I "I was to give you this packet, and tell you

that I was christened Elith Westwood. and nestled in the trembling old arms which I

She knew the story of my life. Elith Vicer and really loved the poor painter. (How all the sunshine of the northern city came back to me in a moment!) But she had been engaged to Captain Howard before she saw me,-engaged almost from childhood, and their hands had been joined at her father's bedeide when he

lay dying.
She had etceled her heart to her fate; but whilst she was free my ecciety had a fascination for her which she could not overcome. At last she strove to make me hate her; and that morning's encounter when last I saw her was to give the final blow to my liking. She nearly brake her own heart in dealing it, but the die

True to her last words, she had never painted again. Alas! she, too, had known no haplness. Her husband, I gleaned afterwards, quiet interviews with the daughter, was a gay, seifish fellow, who met with a dishenorable

So our two lives were blighted; and now you

understand what a big sorrow it was which I had been doing battle with by hard work. And if you like to cell me a jilted old bachelor, you may; but I still cling to that petit palette and the memories that surround it.

In the hands of Fate we are all as much puppets as were those abourd wax figures in the han's of Miss Jinks, whose idols fell into the of her deadliest foes.

possession of her deadliest foes.

Edith Westwood Howard was my ward, blees her heart! And she appeard like an angel at my fireside for a few short mouths. She is Mrs. Lloyd Graven now, and a mother too; and her children call me great grandpa in fun, laugh at my wheel-chair, and call it great grandpa's little perambulator. tle perambulator.

Have not the ridiculous and the sublime beer strengely mixed up in my life? Lust night I dreamt I was one of the Tick Street puppets, very white and very cold, with an old palette by my tide, with faded spots of yellow, and red, and brown upon it. And when I awoke I was sitting in my personbulator, as the children call it, with several people round me; and somebody aid, "He is a very old mar," and snother said 'Ab, he'll never paint any more."

And then I was in the northern city again where she said she would never paint again. It seemed as if memory was kind to me, and I got up and went to my room, and asked for her palette; and there I sit in the evenings, and palette; and there I sit in the evenings, and smoke and chat with L'oyd Craven, who is at the tep of the tree, they sav. He is engaged upon a great picture now, called "Evening." There is a bit of shingle river in it, an old man, a gray cathedral tower among some trees, and the sun is retting in the west. It is pleasant to talk to Craven about the twilight and the evening, and I want him to paint an unused palette by the I want him to paint an unused palette by the side of the old man, and an easel with a half-finished picture upon it: then Edith, his wife, perps in and laughs at us, and we nod at her and go on emoking; and so the evening passes, and the long, dark night comes on.

THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

It stands in a sunny meadow. The house so mossy and brown, With its cumbrous old stone chimneys, And the gray roof eloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it-The trees a century old; And the winds go chanting through them, And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowelips spring in the marshes, The roses bloom on the hill, And beside the brook in the pasture The herds go feeding at will.

Within, in the wide old kitchen, The old folks eit in the eun, That creeps through the sheltering woodbine, Till the day is almost done.

Their children have gone and left them ; They sit in the sun alone ! And the old wife's ears are failing As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood. That has soothed her in many a care, And praises her now for the brightness Her old face used to wear,

She thinks again of her bridal-How, dreseed in her robe of white, She stood by her gay, young lover In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever, But the rose from her check is fled; And the supshine still is golden, But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished, Come back in her winter time, Till her feeble pulses tremble With the thrill of spring-time's prime

And looking forth from the window. She thinks how the trees have grown Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,

She crossed the old door-atone Though dimmed her eyes' bright az 1re, And dimmed her hair's young gold,

The love in her girlhood plighted Has never grown dim or old. They sat in peace in the sunshine

And ther, at its close, an angel Stole over the threshold stone. He folded their hands together-

Till the day was almost done,

He touched their evelids with balm, And their last breath floated outward, Like the close of a solemn psalm !

Like a bridal pair they traversed The unseen, mystical road That leads to the Beautiful City, Whose "builder and maker is God."

Perhaps in that miracle country They will give her lost youth back, And the flowers of the vanished spring-time Will bloom in the epirit's track.

One draught from the living waters Shall call back his manhood's prime; And eternal years shall measure The love that outlasted time

But the shapes that they left behind them Made hole to us by the kieses The angels had printed there-

We will hide away 'neath the willows, When the day is low in the west, Where the sunbeams cannot find them. Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone, With its age and date, to rice O'er the two who are old no longer, In the Father's house in the skies.

A vender of cement described it as pect liarly useful in mending jars. "Would it mend the jar of a door?" "There is no occasion for in that case," said the peddler, "for that is ound enough." "Would it mend family jars?" "In that case, again, there is more sound than sense," replied the peddler, and vamosed.

Spelling badly is defined by Ponch, as A, B, C, D bility.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XLL

BERIND THE WOOD-PILE.

It was dark at last. The grinding din and hollow roar of the London traffic had grown feeble and intermittent, as becomes these times of early closing, and the stars shope white on the surface of the muddy river. The fleod-tide the surface of the muddy river. The flood-side was rushing up, making the barges moored beside the wharfs rasp and grate the chains and ropes that secured them, and swirling with a deep wash and splash around the cause ways and weed-incrusted piles. The sund of the rising tide was very distinct in Mr. Marsh's ears as he went down the steep and harrow street to keep his appointment. The surreys was in a goodhis appointment. The surgeon was in a good burner with himself and with the world. I Group's to the wood-piles beside the coffer dam. Twice he turned, as if to assure himself that no one was doggleg his heels; satisfied, he then

"Are you here, Mra. Fictcher?" said Mr. Marsh, drumming with his boot-heel on the pavement. But there was no answer. He was close beneath the shadow of the wood-piles now, with gaping bollows in the freshly-dug earth, and heaps of clay, and wheel-barrows linked together, in scores, by rusty chains, and hoardings of dusty plank, and stacks of ladders, near him. Beyond, the black barges were tiding at their moorings, thumping, now and sgain, with a low heavy round, like the faint beating of a big drum, against the wood-work of the lauding-stage; and nothing answered him except the ripple and rush of the river.

There was something almost sublime in the sombre monotony of the scene. The Thames, above London Bridge, lay quiet and link black, sable as some infernal stream slow-moving in Hades, with dim legions of spectres hovering "Are you bere, Mra. Fictcher ?" said Mr.

Hades, with dim legions of spectres hovering along its melancholy shore. All the pert bustle and noise of the day had ceased. Not an oar dipped in the sullen waters, not a paddle wheel churned them into foam, not a red-sailed lighter crawled up-stream. The white stars, the yellow gas-lamps winking on the bridges, and the dim lights in the windows of the houses on the Sar-

rey side, merely made the river look the more desolate, and ead, and darkling. Mr. Marsh was not a poet. "Confounded cutthroat den of a place !" he muttered, shivering as if the night-sir from the river chilled him to the marrow. "I hate the look of it. It's just the place to be murdered in.—Who laughed?"

For Mr. March had really fancied that he heard a low mulignant chuckle answer to his words, close at hand. But he peered among the timber, and listened sgain, and decided that he had been mistaken. Repeatedly did the surgeon draw forth his box of cigar-lights, kindle a match, and consult his watch, each time more impatiently than before. "Hang her! the jade has changed her mind.—No, here she comes," he grumbled between his teeth, as he caught sight of the coming figure. In a moment more,

Loys joined him.
"Is it you, doctor ?" she asked, halting a pac beyond the line of darker shadow that the great pile of timber threw upon the broken pavement and discolored earth. "I could not come earlier. You have walted, no doubt. We shall talk better here, and with less chance of ac-tracting notice," Lays added, leading the way to the narrow ledge that intervened between the mountain of heaped-ap timber and the grimy wood-work of the wharf, beneath which the tide

hissed and bubbled.

"You are not afraid to be alone with me?"
said the Shellton ductor judgedly.
"Afraid!" the girl anawored scornfully: "I
can take care of myself." And Mr. Matsh,
whose eyes had become comparatively accustomed to the darkness, could see that Love had e hand hidden beneath the folds of her shawl, before. He could guess the reason, and had as before. no doubt of her ability to be her own protectress "Hark you, Mrs. Fietcher," he said carnestly, 'I want you and I to be friends and partners, We've both of us something t get, and both of us something to fear."

I don't fear him!" broke out Loys, flaming up in sudden anger, as an excited woman will "it is for him to fear me now.—How dare you

say I fear him?"
"Well, well, I won't say it," returned Mr.
Marsh smoothly. "No offence, I assure you,
was intended. Let us put it in better language—
say there is a person whom we both have cause
to distinct." may I fear him ?'

"I hate him! The very name of John Carnac is loathsome to me.-S:op! Did you

hear nothing—a footstep?"

They both listened intently. Nothing was to be heard but the far-off stir of mighty London and nearer, the wash and moan of the tide, run

Mr. Marsh was the first to renew the conver sation. "Now, Mrs. Fletcher," he said, "I want us to see our way clearly. We know but little of each other, certainly—"

"I know nothing of you," flashed out Loys is her old impetuous way, "except that you are loctor-that you were assistant to Dr. Dennis who was too honest a gentlem in to be trusted with a knowledge of the devil's work that fair faced fiend had on foo; at the abbey-and that ron were paid, no doubt, for your share in the

wickedness that was done."
"Meaning that affair of the succession—yes, but I was not paid," Mr. Marsh returned with grim coolness; "not paid according to my degrim coolness; "not paid according get—but a l mean. A few hundreds I did get—but in the ocean, s -a mere crop in the mere fraction of the riches that John Carnac got by the brat's death !"

You wretch, be silent!" cried Lors ex citedly, and she shuddered from head to foot Whether women are, or are not, better than men, at least a woman must be very much debased before she can speak of a crime as sto cally as some men can and do. The silence that

cally as some men cut and do. The stence that succeeded was long and awkward.

"Lock you, my good lady," said Mr. March at last, in a dry, recolute way; "you and I must come to some understanding. You can be useful to me-very useful. You were the boy's nurse. The last time I asw him, living, the last time, as I have heard, that any human eye saw him, living, he was in your care. Take your choice between standing in the witness-box standing in the dock. From what you said to-day, I suspect your husband has some chance of standing behind the sp kes and sweet herbs

"You threaten, do you?" returned Loye, in a voice that boded no good, and as she spoke she drew nearer.

you won't be a fool," answere! Stephen March, with a composure that did credi

stupid bit of steel under my ribs, even if you were sure to kill, which you're not, you know, would merely benefit the enemy of both of us I till you this: you couldn't render Lird Uis water a greater service than by murdering me."

As the surgeon said these last words some thing stirred close by among the planks and

banns, but he was too intent upon the effect that his words produced to bear or heed it. "I have no cause to wish him well," said Loys bitterly. She was standing within arm's-letigth of the doctor now, but the momentary impulse of hostility had passed away, and the impures of nominity had passed away, and the are shone down on her uptured face as she glared thoughtfully up at the sky.

"No, you have not," rejoined Mr. Marsh, with ever eo little of a meer.

She started, as if an adder had stung her.

What do you mean?" she saked definition You know nothing of me."

"I can make a shrewd guess, though, at your nevious history, Mrs. F.," said the doctor oldly. "I saw in your eyes at St. Pagans there, that you had no great liking for our noble friend, my Lord that is now; but you were his slave, bound to do his bidding in that matter of little Gay, the heir. And I suspect you did not always hate John Carnao, ch?"
"No. To my sorrow!" Loys made answer in

a tone that struck sadly on his ear, callons and selfish as he was, like the distant tolling of a death-bell. "Better for him, and better, ah, how much better for me, had I never set eyes on his treacherous, emiling face—never hearkened to the false words that from his lips seemed truer than truth. You have guessed right. I did not always hate John Carner. There was a time, doctor, when I loved him batter than my life."

Stephen March, M R C. S., grinned furtively, Stephen Marsh, M. R. C. S., grinned furtively, rather in compliment to his own sagacity than as deriding the species of confession which his innuendo had provoked. He was close to the timber, in the deepest of the shadow, while the girl stood a little nearer to the what, clear of the wood-pile, and with the faint starlight full upon her uplifted face. His vision was well used to the night by this time, and he could see how had and dayk and handsome that face was with pale, and dask, and handsome that face was, with the strongly marked arch of the eyebrows, the pure oval of the forehead, and the slumbering flerceners of the well-shaped mouth—cyrlet-lipped and dainty to look upon, but very firm and resolute. Mr. Marsh had not much trouble tion between his noble employer and the beauti-ful young woman who had watched besids the sick-bed of the child that had died, so conveniently for the tamporal interests of the Honor-able John. "Carpao looks just the fellow to turn a girl's head," thought Mr. Marsh.

"I was not wicked then," Loys Sark went on in a tone of dreamy sadness, and rather as if thinking aloud than addressing the surgeon—" I did not live among bad folks. We soarcely knew, in that simply country place where I was born, what a den of ravening wolves this great London was. I wonder whether the old clergyman—our good vicar—would turn his head away now if he met her who was once little Lays— old Captain Fieming's daughter—that was the favorite pupil in the village school, and was held up as a model to the other girls—a fine model;" she laughed bitterly here—"a pattern to others, truly?" She ocased speaking for a to others, truly "She beared wated pittently, and she went on again. "My poor old father—I broke his heart, they say; but I loved him only I loved that one, the tempter, more than all the world clse—they called my father Captain along the sea-shore there, because he had been a merchantakipper once, and sailed in a ship of his own, that was cast away on the Nor ship of his own, that was cast a way on the Norway coast, uninsured. That less made him poor; but we were respectable folks, sir, and respected by high and low. I was well brought up; but my mother died, and I had no one to stand between me and kim, and to save me from myself. My poor father—he suspected nothing —the good-looking young gentleman angler was always welcome at his poor house; and used to listen to sea stories for hours, so patient and bright-eyed; and the old man never thought why he came. Ah! doctor, it was an ill day for me and mine that brought Mr. Carnac fish

down our valley there in quiet Furness."
Furness, eh? Your native place, then?" Mr. Marsh began thus, with ucomocaled curi osity. But his question dissolved the spell that had hitherto made the proud, reserved young woman reveal so much. See seemed to awake

towards him was one of suspicion. "It signifies nothing, Dr. Marsh, whence I came. If I went back there, I should find no-thing lef. of those who cared for me but their names on the white headstones in the old churchyard; and the very children in the street would noot me and point at me. When I came away, it was forever. And I am a married wo man now; and I have a husband that I love; and I would sooner be the wife of James Sark than of John Carnac, though the one be a thief, and the other calls himself a lord, though he's but Mr. Carnes still, if all had their due."

At another time, it is probable that Mr. Marsh would not have allowed this last remark to pass unchallenged. It is more than likely that so sudden an assertion that Lord Ulewater's coro net was not worn de jure, might have struck him as something more than the mere virulence of an angry woman. But his mind was busy with another of the incautions disclosures which impetuous Loys had made in her last speech. She had distinctly alluded to her husband by the name of James Sark. Now, Mr. Marsh remembered a good deal about James Sark, and or reasons which his own lips will best explain.
"If your husband is, as I suppose, the James Sark who was tried and transported"---- he be

gan, and sgain Loys cut short the sentence. "Why, then, you'll betray him, unless I obey ou-is that your meaning, sir?" and she drew you - is that your meaning, sir?" a step never to him, so that her eyes looked into his, with a gleam that he did not like. He thought of the dagger that she carried. Tue, was a man, and of necessity atronger than she could be; but even a sould; and a fi wound were not to be risked, entailing as they

did the overthrow of his schemes. Not a bit of it," he said, sturdily; " on the contrary, I can prove to you that in helping me against my Lord, you help to topple down the enemy to whom your husband owes his convic tion and the banishmen'. I'll prove it. I've got a letter-it came into my hands by the accident-that clearly shows that Mr. Muss the lawyer, the attorney who conducted the defence, to have been bribed to get his client found

to his nerves; "and you won't Sticking that eagerly, and with a quick gaspine, as if for

breath: "or are you chesting me?"
But Mr. March, it appeared, was quite in earnest. He proceeded to detail with perfect coherence all the circumstances under which that
letter came into his possessior. Anording to
his story, Lord Unwater—then merely his brother's beir-presumptive, in connectance of the death of the infant son of the late lord—had wristen to Mr. Marsh, in answer to some application for moner. But by one of those mistakes to which even the wariest are sometimes liable, the envelope addressed to the Sheliton surgeo contained, not merely the short note of a'x line contained, not merely the enert note of extinct in which Mr. Carnac informed him that a certain aum was lodged in bank to his credit, but also a letter, which ought, properly speaking, to have been sent to Mr. Moss of the Old Jawry. This document very plainly elucidated the real nature of Mr. Cornec's interest in the prisoner, whose defence Mr. Mess was, at his expense to conduct, and distinctly pointed out the best method of securing a conviction. Mr. Meren had retained and distinctly pointed out the heat method of securing a conviction. Mr. Marsh had retained this letter in his possessim, with a vague hope that it might one day be useful in "putting the screw" on his noble patros, who stready appeared to be growing less liberal than was agreeable to the needy instrument of his will; and Lard Uliswater, whose correspondence was extensive, had never made any inquiry as to the mistance might be a discountered. missent epistis, and most probably was unaware to whom he had in error addressed it.

Mr. Marsh had kept the letter, but to him it had hitherto been as useless as a secret door of which the spring is unknown. He had no clue to the identity of the burglar Sirk, of whom he to the icensity of the burglar bars, of whom he read in the newspapers, with the husband of that Mrs. F-eicher, the handsome nurse, whom the late Lord had hired, at his brother's recommendation, as an attendant on little Gay Carnac, who should have been Lord Ulswater. He only knew that he had in this letter a wrapon that one day might be employed with eff.c., if ever he should learn how to use it; and now he had found out how to make it pieros the enemy's

"I've got the letter with me in my bag a Grupp's," he said; "that, and every scrap of switing of my Lord's that I ever dispped my eyes upon. Nothing in any of them, though, except that one—cunning dog! You shall see

It you self."
Lys drow her breath with effort as she replied: "Meet me here, then, to morrow night, at the same hour. I will bring Jem with me; and I will tell him—tell him all—the only knows it in part, dear fellow; and I know he will forgive—he forgave me long ago, and was too generous to listen to my history when I offered to tell him everything, hefore I married him. Yes, Jem shall come; and if the letter be all you say, and if that fresh proof of John Carnec's b'ack treschery by added to all the rest" t vou self." b'ack treschery by added to all the reat' Sac stepped, with a garp, as if she had been running hard, and stood motionless. "What then?" asked Mr. Marsh.

"What then?" asked Mr. Marsh.
"I will not spare him?" she waise cred hoarsely,
"I have spared him, but I will not spare him
now. I must go. I have so much to say to
Joo, and I seust prepare him first. Good night,
doctor. Tais time to morrow." And she left
him gidling away, ghost like into the daykness.
Mr. Marsh stayed to smoke a cigar. The to-Mr. Marah stayed to smoke a cigar. The to-bacco southed his ruffled herves, shaken by

excitement, for he was jubilant at his succeed. Presently he flung the stump of the cigaraway into the water, and turned to go. "A good night's work!" he said to himself, approxingly, more

work! The state to himself, appeavingly, more than once, during his walk to Grupp's—"a good hight's work, indeed!"

At about the moment of his entering that outlying post or factors of Durbyshire, with its midland garrison and commissariat, a strong man, who had heard every stillable of the fore going conversation, emerged from his hiding place behind a row of gigantic beams, so heavy as to be thief proof, which stood in front of the planking that formed the bulk of the wood pile Tals man wore a red hand surchief twisted loosely around his brawny throat, and was dressed in greasy fustian, and wore a brown cap. He took keen survey of the descried street before he trusted himself within it, and then, secure that no police nan was visible, went slouchingly upon his

The wood pile had not yet given up all its secrets. A full minute, or more, after the last echoes of Bendigo Bill's weighty footfall had died away, a rustling and attr became faintly audible, proceeding from a great heap of chips, and splintered wood, and shavings, relios of the week's work of sundry carpenters laboring on the offer dam, and which, as being behind the even in Landou, to be ewept up and removed upon the Saturday. The noise was just such as a rat from the adjecint wharf might have It was not a rat's sharp muzzlowever, that came peering over the rampart of barrows, but the gray whiskers!, rat-like face of lesn old man, an old fellow in a brown greatcoat, hot as was the weather. It was the face, and it was the coat, of the old man who had hong about the corner of Caril Street on that very afternoon; and coat, and face, and fromy

whickers were those of Professor Brum.
He was in no hurry. He waited a minute, and set a minute, gazing up the dusky ravine o the eloping street, with its yellow lamps twink. ling at intervals, and throwing little pools of ight upon the coal-blackened pavement, gazing ome tangible impediment. Then he saye and his lank body through a narrow aper ween the chain of barrows, piled threefold, and the hearding of discolored boards, to some o which were still sticking red, blue, and white fragments of tattered paper, portions c nouncements of brigone plays, sales, and eights He did not venture into the street, even then, but crawled along the wharfs, sidling and keeping close to wall and paling; and as he made he crablike way eastward, he mumbled out a sort of queralous soill quy. "Only a word here sort of queralous soill, quy. "On'y a word here and a word there," he mattered. "I'm getting plaguy dest; and the coid wind from the river ain't the best of cures for the lumbago, it ain't. But I can hear as much as most men of my me o' life, and when I don't hear, I can gue Let's see : Dandy Jem, and that handenme wife of his, and the cove in black, yee. But my nephew Bill—for I'd swear to him anywhere— why should he put his finger in the pic? Ush!" And then he turned towards Fleet Street, and

CHAPTER XLIL

RUTH & DREAM. "You will go, dear? Oyes, I know you will. wyer, the attorney who conducted the defence, You could not refuse what site asks, now, poor that. Perconally, I rather liked her, but she thing! If she had cared to see me! would have the write mean the house now. And indeed the swift "A letter from?—Lord Ulawater?' said Loys have been very painful and very end. All this wheels of the Hansom were now running allently

-think me foolish if you will, John-ere as to me so terribly as if it were my fault, my doing, B it you will go at once to poor Rath, won't you?"

you?"
The telegram was lying on the table. It had arrived at 8". Pagans in Lord Ulswater's absence, and a mounted groom had galloped over to Shellton Manor with the dispatch. Lord Ulswater had opened it in Flora's presence, and some exclamation which ha could not represe, and some exclamation which has could not represe, and some exclamation which has could not represe, and some exclamation which has could not represe, and the loss and the los some exclamation which he could not repress, however sincerely he might regret it the instant after, had told Miss Hastings enough of its purport to render it necessary that she should know more. He was in a manner compalled to give the omisons missive into her hands, and to let her ascertain for herealf the worst of the tilling. The measure was from a London doctor of great The message was from a London doctor of great eminerce, and he spoke in the name of another physician more famous even than be, with whom he had been in consultation. Briefly the case stood thus—Rath Morgan was dying.

It was an evil hour for the poor invalid girl, whose frail life was as a thread that rough handling would enap, when she was shut up in the same house with her brother, nettled, stung, spurred by the pain and shame of his discomspurred by the pain and shame of his discomflure, and ready, as is the nature of hurt men as of hurt brutes, to turn his fury upon the first incauding introder. And, besides this promiscious ferocity, the rejected suitor had a populiar grievance to allege against his innoceat sister—the chose to consider her as a sort of duenna, responsible for the good conduct of Fiora Hastings; and he fait towards her very much as if she had slept at her pro-, being a sentinol on whose vigilance all depended.

Nobody, in theory, can fathom the wonderful amount of injustice of which men and women and complete. The old fable of the wolf end the lawb renews itself a thousand, thousand times.

lumb renews itself a thousand, thousand times. There are wolves in fustion, and wolves in fine broad-cloth; he wolves and she-wolves; wolves in orinoline, and wolves in white nect c'othe; hupine virages grinning out from fashionable bonnets, or staring from beneath have of broadest brim, glaring threats and reproaches at bleat-ing, helpless lambs, charged with impossible muddying of brooks at which the wolf slaked his or her thirst.

There had been a dreadful some, one of a series of dreadful somes, between brother and siter. Morgan was half mad. The inaction that succeeded the soundal and struggle at Shelton had given time for the iron thoroughly to enter late his soul. Had he and his sup-planter been French, a challenge, a duel with awards, and a smart flesh wound, would have given him an excilent means of escaps from the Black Care that stood perched behind his carriage and behind his chair. To be ill, and carriage and behind his chair. To be ill, and weak, and to go through a slow convalescence, would have cooled the raging fever withis him. Violent and prolonged exercise would have done the same. Had he had the sense to set off, carrying his own knapsack, on a Bwiss padection tour, clambering up such Alpine heights as his strength could compass, and going to bed every night dead tired, he might have left the remembrance of Fiora Hastings behind him like a dim dream.

dim dream.

But ciged in London, ashamed to go to bis c'ub, lest some acquaintance passing through town should jeer at him in his sleeve, or great him with silent condolence in his face, humiliated before his own servents, there was but one s for valve for the mon's ill temper. He quarrelled flerody with Ruth, saying words that stabbed that poor little heart more cruelly than a knife could have done. At last, he could bear London no longer; he hade his man, once body-servant to the gallant Lord Lovelock, pack his trunks, and follow him to Diver, or to Paris, if he should not find his master as Diver. Fortunatus Mor-gan was going to Egypt, and far up the Nile, to the N'yaxa, and the feeders of Nile, and the infernal regions, for aught he cared—so be roughly told his sister, and as roughly he reject ed her piteous effer to go along with him. He had had enough of her company, he said, and sough of her friendship, and knew the worth

Dr. Pilkington told this story, or rather, he furnished an abridgement for Lord Utewater's in ormation. There had been painful interviews, in ormation. There had been painful interviews, he said, and sad misunderstandings, between his patient and her irritable brother. The worst of these had been the last; and Morgan had left the house abruptly, and had quitted London for the Continent, and so to Marseille and Egypt. His sister, the doctor said, had been found on the floor in a fainting state, hours after wards. She had fallen into swoon after swoondue, no doubt, to the unhappy agitation that she had experienced. A blood-vessel had been broken, in or near the lungs, so far as Lord Uiswater could gather from the condensed account but the great Sir Joseph, had given up the case desire to see Lord Utewater before she ciri: she could not go, she said without seeing

Such was the poor girl's message, sician gave it, with a statement of facts which rendered the telegram a very long one. As Lord Unwater and Fiora Hastings read the words, boldly penciled by the clerk in a large Roman handwriting, their feelings differed widely Flora's medicace emote her. It was her impulsive act, she knew, which had set poor Ruth at variance with her brother; and her regret for her own share in bringing about the catastrophe, ing with her natural softness of heart made her urgent that her lover should go. And Lord U.s-

water went. It was with undisguised reluctance that the noble master of St. Pigans obeyed the summons that seemed so imperative to Miss Histings. He looked forward with a singular dislike to the interriew. All his life long, he had, as a matter of instinct rather than of principle, avoided disagreeable scenes. To witness sufferings, was always unpleasant to him, though he cause suffering without scraple, when it was needful to his schemes. There are natures co in pain-an insect writhing at the foot of the candle that has scorched its wings—an animal w noing under blows—a child shrinking back from the crust hand that strikes it, unresisting-is to them an amusement a drama that Lard Ulawater was not of this ignoble prother-

"What does she want? Why send for me?" Tous ran his thoughts as he was f on the London terminus towards house. "She always detested me. I know that very well. Poor thing, I owed her no ill will for

Belgravian square for half its length. It was on Ruth's account that the straw lay there. Im-med ately after the sound of the wheels upon the roadway had been exchanged for ellence, the cab stopped at the door of a large house, more pre-tentions and roomy than its fellows, which are nevertheless among the best appointed of Lon-don mansions. There was a brougham in wait-ing at the door—a doctor's brougham, plainly.

The muffird knocker gave forth but a duit, dead cound; but the hall-porter was wakeful, and the visitor expected, and Lord Ulawater was admitted at once. How was Miss Morgan now? be saked as he entered the hall, where two footmen in the gorgeous Morgan livery, with the new Morgan crest glittering golden on their coat but-tone appeared like superb tropical birds from amongst the pillars. The hall porter, short, corpulent, and ungainly, a sort of human smail in fine apparel, with the privilege of not abso-lately adhering to his bechive chair of office, shoot his head.

Very bad, my lord. Sir Joseph and Di Pilkington both up stairs no, they are just

very grave was Dr. Pilkington's face as he walked down the wide stairs, following Sir Joseph. The titled physician's countenance was decorously composed, but less solemn than that of his medical brother. Hir Joseph had acted long as Lord Chamberlain to the King of Terrors, and politely eccorted so many sished patients to the shores of Styr, that Death and he were on terms of diplomatic cour-tery. He did not know Lord Unwater, but Dr Pilkington did : and there was an introduction and a few words were spoken respecting the suf

Quite sensible, quite so, but very weak entirely hopeless; sinking painlessly; and not likely to live out the day, I am afcald," said Sir Joseph. "I shall hardly be able to call again, but Dr. Pilkington has been good abough to arrange to do so, towards evening. Good morn ing, my lord. Happy to have made your acquaint ance—regret the melancholy occasion. Good bye!" And Bir Joseph got into his brougham, and was whisked off to feel the pulses of vale-tudinarian dowagers lingering in London, be-cause more than two months of watering place rents tasked a jointure severely; while D ington, who lived in a street a stone's-throw dis-

tant, went home on foot.
"We thought the poor thing might have her We remonstrated, but the egitation of the debate was worse than anything. I need for my brother's sake," she added, eagerly; "benot ask you, my lord, to avoid irritating topics
as much as possible," the junior physician had
from you—that is all."

The housekeeper, with a face of portentous length, came to conduct Lord Ulawater to the She, the housekeeper, had an odd look of being ir jured, and so had the porter and the giants in plush, and the maids who hovered like stormy petrels on the landing places above Evidently, discipline was related Fortunatus Morgan had bought the big hone-and furnished it at huge cost, and manned and womanned it with prize footmen and prize maids in anticipation of his bringing home Flora Hastings to be its mistress; and now he was away partibus is fidelium, for years to come perhaps a Kath was dying, and the household we be obliged to wear black, and as likely as not the grand house would be shut up, and the ser vants discharged. Hence there was discontent in Belgravian mansion, from the house steward's room to the eculiery.

In the darkened room, with the curtains of the bed partly undrawn, lay Ruth Morgan, prop-ped up with pillows that were little whiter than the wan face that lay so quietly upon them. She stirred at the sound of Lord Unwater's entrance into that husbed chamber, and her eves, always bright and large, now brighter and large that

It was kind of you to come," she said, is her thin voice, and then glanced round at the narse sitting in the arm chair. "P.ease, go away," she said. "Wait in the room beyond, while I speak to Lord Ulawater. He will call

luctantiv, the woman obeyed. You must not agitate yourseif," said Lord Ulswater gently, going up to the bedside as the weak hand beckoned him to approach; "you are not strong enough for much conversation

She looked strangely at him with her hannting even, in which there was a light that seemed even were clouded, as if an actual film, like that not of earth, a light from far cfl, as if it were a which overspreads the eyes of a dying bird, had that looked upon him

"Do you talk platitudes?" she arked, calmly, but in a voice as feeble as the piping of the wind among the reeds of a river. He would He would have spoken, but she signed to him to be still.
"Yes," she said, slowly, 'that is the way in which the healthy cheat the dying. We must not speak of our hopes and our fears; we must not tell our thoughts, or reveal the doubt that is gnawing at our hearts, as we drift away from the world of the living. We must wait be well again. To morrow, my voice will be husbed, and my care deaf, and my eyes night To morrow, I shall be dumb and dead. see by your face that you know it almost as well as I."

He stood gloomily silent, looking down upon A wonderful contrast was that between the poor crooked girl, with the face of an angel ying on her death-bed, and painfully gathering her breath ere she could speak again, and Lord l lewater, gifted with the strength and beauty of a demigod, bending down his stately head to catch the words that those pale live could hardly

You know what has happened-my brother I mean, ' she said, feebly; and he made a sign that he understood her.

assure you that I very much recret-" he began, but her mournful eyes froze him into

Do not take the trouble to speak comp ments to me!" said the weak little voice know aow sincere are your regrets. I did not send for you to hear polite words that mean nothing but emptiness." There was a silence, There was a ellence nothing tut empuness." There was a stience, and then Ruth Morgan spoke again. "You are going to marry Fora: have you the right to do so?" She looked searchingly in his foce, while thus speaking, with her unnaturally bright

"How the right?" he said wonderingly

"Is there nothing on your soul, nothing of your conscience, that should forbid you to stand at the situr by innocent Fiora's side?" the invalid asked, with an eagerness that was almost fierce—"no crime, no shame? Tell me." Her wasted fingers closed on his wrist as he bent over the bed.

sorse than my neighbors."
She looked wistfully up at him.

You quibble with me and trick me wilfully, she said. "I ask you, for Flore's rake, whom I have freely forgiven, though it is through her act that I lie here and die, alone among strangere, with my brother's words of hate ringing in my ears I sek you, have you the right to n that poor girl your wife? Are you not married already?"

He draw a long breath of relief He had been singularly moved during this last speech Rath's, and his features, community so ealm, had betrayed his egitation.

"No," he answered; "on my soul, I am not! Your suspicions have wronged me." Her eyes never left his fact for an instant.

you have enough to answer for without that," she said,
You were the Monk?"
"How?

"How? what do you mean?" he asked, starting as if he had received a blow.
"You know my meaning all too well," Ruth

answered in her hollow gasping voice 'For peretition of others. It was no shado ev appart ion that haunted the arcient abbey when your

brother and your nephew made way so conve-siently for your ownership of all."
"Home one has been maligning me very much, I perceive," self Lord Unwater, whose fair face wen fast growing white, and hard like marble. The dying girl's weak grasp upon his arm seemed to tighten, as if she feared he would

tear himself away.
"You mistake," abesaid; "I alone guessed the truth. Kind Lady Harriet, herself unconscious of what she did, gave me a clue, and your own deeds, and words, and your own face, confirme conjecture into certainty. No one can wear a visor always, not even you. The spectral form that your brother saw, and which his morbid mind accepted as a token of approaching wor, the cowied shadow that was visible on the night of the child heir's sudden death, was-

"I cannot bear this," broke out Lord Ula water, with abrupt anger: "these are mere rayinge;" and he tore his hand away from the grasp of the wasted fingers as he would have torn it from a serpent's clammy coil.

to in it from a serpent's claiming out.

"I am not your judge," said Ruth, feebly,
but with a solemn emphasis that brought him
back, attentive, to she bedside. "Ask your
own evil heart if you should marry guitless
Flora Hastings. It is her I seek to save. Not

"You are very complimentary," encared Lord Ulawater, stung to sudden rage, and with eyes that darkened to blackness. "I tell you that I will marry her-and would, were the Fiend him self to forbid the base."

"They will be forbidden!" said Ruth, fear leasly, and with such entire conviction, that a sudden chill ran through the veins of the lietener, as through those of one who follows a mountain-path by night, and stops short upon

mountain-path by high, the dizz; verge of a precipies.

"Listen!" the invalid went on, in lower and listen! I have accents than before—"listen! I here." would warn you-I-it was a dream." Her panting breath failed her, and her slender fin Her gere, white as wax, began to grasp uneasily at the bed clothes. It was a bad sign, as Lord

Uswater knew.
"Let me call the nurse," he said; "you are too ill. But she made a great effort, and spoke

No, no. Let me tell vou-I eaw in my dream a woman, young, dark, beautiful with a fierce beauty, a woman who could hate as well as love—such a face as that of Jael slaying Sisera—she who was Guy Carnao's nurse, and your accomplice in the orime—"

"You never saw her!" cried Lord Uiswater changing color, and forgetful of the dreadfu confession implied in that rash speech.

But Ruth took no notice of what he said Her voice was now so low that he had to stoop to catch the faint sounds. "How dark the room is! Night must be coming on, soon, sooner than I thought." Such were the broken words that reached his car as he bent over her helpless form. Her head lay back upon the pil-lows; an awful grayness of lus, more ghastly than the white pallor of a few moments since, crept over the sufferer's face, and her bright eyes were clouded, as it an actual film, like that over then She did not app fingers twitched the bed-clothes with a convul sive quickness. "I cannot see your face. I fee hand in mire, but it is very cold, like io to the touch-or perhaps it is I who am cold, went on the poor weak voice, while the laboris went on the poor weak voice, while the laboring breath came more painfully yet. "Let me tell you—of my dream—she, the dark-haired we-man, and you were there—and there was blood everywhere around, on the walls, on the floor, always blood-and-The speaker ceased to A quick, sharp shiver ran through every mb of the helpless, passive form, the outline o which was vaguely to be distinguished beneath But Lord Unwater gave heed to this new sign that Azrael was upon the threshold of the chamber; in his impatience to hear more, he bowed his head and listened o sound reached him but that of the feeble breathing.

Whose was the blood? Did it flow from her veius or mine?" he seked, etern and eage in his selfi-huess. He was not a believer tion, as some men are; but the superstition that lurks in some corner of all our hearts was sudas sincere in his His words were no passionate wish to hear all. loudly spoken that they reached the nurse in the room beyond, causing her to open the door, and peer anxiously in; they also reached the ears of the poor creature on the bed, ears that had be gun to be deaf to earthly sounds.

"The blood, it rose and swelled into a tor-rent, angry red—it was a river of blood, and there were corpses floating on it," said Ruth, stretching out her hands as if to grope for some object which her failing eyes could not perceive him-but the woman with the dark hair, all streamed and dabbled with gore-she clung to im, and dragged him down, beneath the red -and-Ob, it was terrible! Another shudder, sharper than the last, and then the powerless on the bed-clothes, and the head sank back upon the pillow.

The nurse hurried forward. "It's over, poor, dear young thing-the more "I think you mistake me," he said, faltering a shame on those that made her talk and fret though a young man yet, was an old offender, the "Men are not so good as women; I know that way!" exclaimed the woman, with an and the reformation of old offerders is a hard

over a thick bed of straw that strewed the white that very well. But I do not see that I am angry toss of her head at the importunate matter, as jail chaplains and governors of model these are not police. Some accident.

"Bbe has fainted!" Lard Unwater said in

startled tone, recoiling a step.
"She's dead, poor lamb!" tartly rejoined the experienced nurse, as she closed the sightless eyes, and threw a handkerchi-f over the blanched

Lord Ulevater turned away. He had need of all his self possession to enable him to go calmis down stairs, to announce to the housekeeper, prowling to intercept him, that all was over, to aive a fitting reply to the conventional exclama-tions of the servants, and to leave the house. The angel of death was there, and Ruth's sild warning had conk deeper into his heart than he cared to own, even to himself.

CHAPTER XLIII

BROUGHT DACK TO GRUPP B "It's a cell Depend upon it, Loye, my girl, the rescal of a doctor was merely gammoning you, and playing a double game, in my Lord's lateres: " James Suk said, gloomity looking up from the little model, an improvement on the machinery in general use for quarts crushing purposes among the Australian gold-fields, on

which his dex cross fingers were busy.

His wife oid not allow him to conclude the sentence. "No, no, Jum-a thousand times no. The man was in hi ter carnest. He is a cour, vain, discontented and of a man-I remember him of old-and Mr. Cornec has nettled his pride somehow. Gracely as Mr. Marsh is for gain, I'm much mistaken if he would not rather lose some money than not play a epiteful trick to-

There! I can't hear to spouk his name so often."

There was a marked difference between these two as regarded their manner of alluding to the wner of Sa Pagane, for whereas Loye the wife never uttered his name without a sparkle of anger kindling itself in her lustrous eyes, and a scarlet epot of wrathful color fluttering up into her dark-pale cheek, and a trembling in her rich voice that conveyed a threat, James the husband spoke of the common enemy with a philosophica indifference; and yet the returned transport had a reputation for a hot temper and a readiness to

eward good with good, and harm with harm. But James Sark, although he now knew a good deal of what Lord Ulawater had done and planned to his detriment, spoke of him with an easy indifference that contracted oddly with the vindictiveness that expressed itself in his wife's looks and tones. Something of this jurred upon the woman's sensitive nature, for site suddenly exclaimed: "It seems to me, James, you don't

half hate that man." To which James, smiling good-humoredly this time, glanced up from the wheele and rollers of his model at her flushed face: "Well, not very much," he eaid genially. "I know he's a great secoundrel, but then there are such lo's of scoundrels, big and little, about the world. I don't hate him more than any other chap who has done me an ill turn, for his own profit, you know, not out of malier."

Loys drummed an argry tune with her foot upon the floor. "To sell you, Jem—to betray you, like that, by the help of a rogue attorney,

and get you transported, was that kind?"
Sark, very busy with his file upon a refrectory crank, did not answer for a minute or so. Then he said, without looking up: "To tell the truth, went against me to plot, and scheme, and cir-cumvent a gentleman that had done me a hit of kindness, even for his own sake. Now I know Lawyer Moss and he were in league to trap me

v, we are quits, and something more."
"You forget, Jem, my, my shame—I was in nocent before he tempted me, acreent that be is!" exclaimed Loys in a baseh, deep tone that had no music in it, and she fixed her dark eyes

upon the floor.

Her husband quietly laid aside his tools, rose, and throwing his aim around her, drew her graceful head down upon his breist. "No one has a right to point a finger at you now, darning," he said, with a world of kindly and generou feeling in his good humored voice and his brigh emile, and the very action of the caree-ing hand that was passed softly over her glossy braids of "You are a good and a true wife to me, and the best thing you can do is to blot out all those dark memories of a past that you have done with for ever. No, even for that, I can't hate the man much, because, who knows, my dear, if you had had nothing to repent of, nothing to confere, if you would ever have consented to marry such a good for naught ne'er-

There was a long interval of silence, and then Loys shyly lifted her dark eyes and glanced up in her husband's face, and reading there nothing love and confidence, flung herself sobbing 'It's not sorrow now, dear," she cried, but because I love you so much, my generouwish was unspoken, but the tears rained down fast, and were understood. It did seem a pity to watch those two young persons, so truly and fondly faithful to one another, between whom there never passed cutting words or looks of unkindness, such as tarnish Love's wreath, and dim Hymen's torch eadly, in many ar honest household—it did seem a pity that theirs should be a warfare with the world and the world's law, a einful past, a clouded future. In each there even great. Both were by nature more inclined to virtue than to vice, but in both there had been a restless impatience of control that had erought fearfully for evil. It may be permitted to imagine some Utopia in which James Surb and Loys Fieming, innocent and hopeful, should have met, and loved, and wedded, and led lives of honorable usefulness to themselves and to the world, and died with the affection, and re spect, and esteem of rich and poor surrounding them to the last. But they had done amise, and they found repentance difficult, and the track that should lead them back towards the D.

ectable Mountains was not seen as yet.

They sat, efter this, talking more cheerfully
or a while. They had many half-formed plans, for a while. nation. Both of them sincerely longed to eat honest bread, to earn an honest livelihood, and sin to more. The man had great talents and sin to more. The man had great talents and cleverness. Were he but honest, surely he might thrive, and James Sark felt that he it in him to be honest, if the world would but give him a chance. To get that chance was the difficulty, for the world has been duped pretty often by sham penitents, at d by penitents show repentance was but skin deep, and hence it has taken to receiving promises havior with frowning unbelief. James Sark,

prisons are aware.

"America would be the best chance," said
Dandy Jem at last—"the best chance. I could
get employ at once in a Pennsylvania factory, as draughteman or as engineer; or I might do well in New York or in Boston, and earn enough to live on; but I know Yankee Doodle pretty well, Loys, and I know that there's no country in which a bit of capital to start with is more useful to a man. Dollars grow dollars some-how, when the owner's neither a dunce nor a drunkard. If we had but that hundred pounds that you were so sure Lord Ulswater-

"Don't, James, call him that. You know he's no lord, if justice were done," interrupted Loys, but less petulantly than before; "and as for Mr. Carnac's sending the money to Perth, you may be sure he did send it. What is a hundred pounds out of his ill-got thousands and thou sands. The only question is, willPalmer Brothers send it on safe, according to your instruc-

This delicate point was discussed for time, and finally settled in the affirmative. Palmer Brothers belonged to that section of com-mercial firms that may be said to dwell in glass

houses, and which, to carry out the metaphor, cannot afford to indulge in perilous stone-throw-ing. Palmer Brothers had two sets of books and two trades, the more gainful and secret of which it was expedient to keep from the knowledge of the authorities; and James Sark of have told tales that Palmer Brothers would have kept untold at any reasonable cost; where fore they were tolerably certain to prove discreet and immaculate custodians of Lord Ula water's remittance. With that hundred pounds when it should come back from its voyage to the antipodes, this pair of modern Ishmaelites could try their fortune in the New World. The newer world of Australia would have been bette still for their purpose, but then there was the condemnation and unexpired term of penal servitude to bar the way. It was a risk. Jem might do well in Victoria, make money, be re-turned to the Legislative Assembly, and dine

with Her Majesty's representative at Government House. Or, recognized by some untoward police man, he might come too early under the notice colonial Attorney-General, and be sen back, in irons and a yellow jacket, to complete his sentence. America was safer. But a disturbing element in the calculation was the possible course of him whom Loys persisted in Ulawater.

The notion that Mr. March was merely an agent of Lord Ulawater's, and that his n to London was in truth to discover Sark's hiding place, and procure his arrest, had naturally suggested itself to the latter. One circumstance certainly went far towards confirming this hypo thesis: Mr. Marsh had broken his pledge. The appointment to meet Loys and her husband behind the wood-piles at the river-side had not been kept. The husband and wife had gone to the rendezvous, and had waited there for hours and hours in vain. Nothing had been seen of the Shellton doctor. Had he been taken ill? Was the Sheilton doolor. Had he been taken ill? Was he unavoidably prevented from coming to the place agreed upon? Or was he a spy, and his gradge against Lord Ulswater a mere feint? Jem opined to the latter conclusion. Not so, however, did Loys. Women are naturally, perhaps, more disposed to suspicion than men are, but in this case Loys held fast to her conviction, that the surgeon hated his former patron with that the surgeon hated his former patron with a strong hate. She had heard him speak; she had seen the working of his features as he talk-ed of Lord Ulawater; she was sure that he had not been acting a part, sure that he spoke sin-cerely. But it was very strange that he did not some to the wood-pile on the wharf, he who had been so eager to press matters on to a crisis.

Why had he broken his word? "We were late, you know, Jem—late by half an hour or more. He was always a touchy, fret-ful man. Perhaps he got out of temper, and went awa," suggested Loys at last. James Sark shook his head. "Men that are

in earnest don't stickle at such trifles," he said :
"I am afraid he means us no good, lassie. If

one knew where he lodged, now one snew where he looged, now—

"But I do know," cried Loys, clapping her
hands as a child might have done. "He said
he should go back to——. I had it on my very
tongue but a moment since, and now I can't remember it. len't it provoking?" and the bright

defe pursuit as they dart amid the mayes of her own labyrinth. Nothing is more annoying than to feel how near is the lost fact, and vet to bunt for it in vain. Cadgel our tired brains as we will, we strive in vain. There stands poor Cassim good Ali Baba's unworthy brother-at the iron door of the robbers' treasure cave, and he tears his turbar, and beats his breast, and bawls out the names of millet, and dhurra, and rice, and all grains but seesme, and the cruel do Lot there it stands, fixed as fate, and aiready steeds come trampling and neighing through the woods, and scimitars shine, and the gang come tiding home to cut Caseim into

But when we give up the chase, and the bow of thought is unstrung, and we are slowly wend-ing our way homewards, back comes the coy nymph, Memory, tripping to our side, a willing aptive. Unbidden, the recollection came to lighted, and the evening twilight had closed in.

Grupp's !" she cried suddenly, springing up and c'apping her hands as joyonaly as before Gropp's-that is the name. It comes back to me clearly now. Mr. Marsh mentioned name and no other."

Reference to a vellow bound copy of Brad bue that lay in a corner of the room discl he further fact, as advertised by Grupp, that the private hotel and boarding-house o was eituated in Arundel Street.

Arundel Street is not a very great way off." said Dandy Jem good-humoredly, laying down his newspaper. "Put your bonnet on, Loye, and we'll go round there together and ask a quiet question or two."

Ten minu'es later, the pair sallied out into the yellow lamp light and the struggling glean of the dying day. They were soon in Arunde

Street.
Within twenty steps of Grupp's door, Loys suddenly stopped, and the hand that rested on her husband's sinewy arm trembled as she clung to him. "Jem!" she exclaimed, "I hear son thing—a noise of voices, and here come men burrying. O. Jem, dear, it's not for myself 1 am frightened, but you, dear"gazing with dilated eyes at a small crowd burrying, clamorous, up from the river-side.

Saik was perfectly cool. "There's no fear- to the present taxes.

back, my girl, and let them pass," he said; and Loye, still trembling, obeyed. She was as brave as a lioness, this woman, when her own safety was in question, but she was cowardly for those she loved. She soon saw that her husband was right

On they came, a large group rather than a mob, composed chiefly of rough water-side men and boys, with a sprinkling of women and shrill children hanging on the skirts of the crowd. In the cectre were four men, two of whom belonged to the Thames police, bearing on their should-ers, on a stretcher, something—something cov-ered up—something that was wet and slimy beneath the tarpaulin that screened it, and from which trickled down muddy little rills of riverwater, making pools upon the gritty pavement. Fifty voices were to be heard all at once, shout-ing, speaking, or swelling an inarticulate sort of roar, as the stretcher was borne or

roar, as the stretcher was borne on.

"Here it is, policeman, here it is!" cried
several of the better informed, pointing to
Grupp's lamp and Grapp's brass-plate, and
Grupp's door. The stretcher and its burden
came to a halt there. They hardly knew why they did so, Loys and her husband, but they pushed on, elbowing a way through the by tanders, to the front.

" What is it?" Test was a welcome question, to which answers could not be lacking.

" A bad job!"

" Found in the river !"

"Gentleman murdered!"
"Staying, it's supposed, at Grupp's."
"Grupp's card found in his pocket!"
"Drowned, I say!"
"Not a bit of it, stupid. Skull smashed in with a hammer, sir, most dreadful. Drowned,

And the crowd took up the word "murdered," and rolled it over their tongues, and bandled it to and fro with much zest and infinite

With all her faults, Loys was womanly, and she had none of that ghoul-like taste for the horrible, merely because it is horrible, which is so potent with the coarser of her sex. She tried, therefore, to draw back from the bearers and their fearful load, into the close neighborhood f which she had been thrust by the pressure of the fast increasing crowd, now swelled by rein-forcements from the swarming Strand above. But to break through what was fast becoming a wall of human beinge, was not an easy tack; and she turned her face, involuntarily, round, and gave a suppressed shrick, unheeded in the midst of

eral cutery and babble. She pressed her d'e arm : "Look, Jem, look!" husband's arm: "Look, Jem, look!"

James Sirk did look; and what James Sirk saw was an ugly and gruesome sight to see. Grupp, and Grupp's wife, and the barmaid, chamber-maid, waiter, and all that ate Grupp's read, and owed him allegiance, had come to the door, vehemently to protest against the entry of that ghastly guest. How, Grupp de-manded, was he to know whether the gent. ever had been a customer of his? Was he bound, he should like to be told, to take in all the corpses and drowned dead bodies of no one knew who, that the Thames police might fish up out of the river. Only tell Grupp that. For there were no negro slaves in this free country; and an Englishman's house was his castle; and he, Grupp, would not be ridden roughshod over by living or dead. All which sentiments Grupp's wife, daughter, and female retainers shrilly

To ornvince incredulous Grupp, the tarpaulin was taken off, and the body revealed, a proceed-ing which elicited a rush and a deep drawing of breath from the mob, as if it had been the trans-formation scene of a pantomime. The yellow gaslight fell on the white, upturned, sightless face of the dead man. A grim speciacle was he, as the curious eyes of the bystanders saw him, by that wavering light. There was slime and mud on his wet garments, and in his matted black hair; and there were dark stains and clots of something that was more like a dull crimeon cement than anything else. The head was bare, and it was evident that the whole crown of the skull had been smashed and battered in by the blows of some sharp and heavy instrumenthead so fearfally, below the left temple.

Grupp looked, and grew a little me than before, as if the eight gave him a qualm "You can bring it in," he said reluctantly, "You can bring it in," he said reluctantly,
"Try—try to recollect it," urged her husband.
But memory is a nymph whose nimble feet

> at the inquest. Loys haned heavily on her husband's arm. "Take me home, James," she said: "this is dreadful. It's the doctor himself, poor wretch!" What doctor ?" asked Jam. Sarely not'

" Mr. Marsh; it's be that's murder pered Logs with white lips; and as the crowd slowly broke up, she and her husband went

Love was not mistaken : the Shellion surgeon, and no other, was that eilent guest that had just been brought back to Grupp's. (TO BE CONTINUED)

How Some Things are Done in Boston. A Western man gives an interesting account of his experience at a Boston hotel under the

anti-liquor law :-Guest arrives at his favorite hotel, and applies at the bar in the basement-behind wh stands, as usual, a suave attendant-for a glass of whiskey.

"Can sell you nothing to drink at this bar,

"Do you mean to say I can't get nothing to drink ?

" Perhaps you had better apply at the lanch Counter, opposite, sir."

The guest, rather annoyed, crosses the room,

and repeats his request. We can only give you lunch, eir. Have a sandwich ?"

The truth beginning to dawn upon the besandwich; obtains his whiskey, or whatever drink his fancy prefers, with that modest viand; enjoys his perpendicular drink, and probably leaves his sandwich untouched, to be sold to a dozen customers like himself, in succ each, however, paying an extra five cents for the slice of meat, bread and butter, a tribute to

Philadelphia taxpayers may we now looming up before them. Property this year is accessed at the supposed marketable value, which at a threatened rate of \$1.50 on the hundred dollars will add about fifty per cent.

the majesty of the law in Massachusetts.

Captured Indians Bought and Sold by Soldiers.

The War Department has just received a copy of circular No. 3, issued last month by General McDowell, commanding the Department of California, to post commanders in Arizona General McDowell communicates to them the following paragraph from a letter addressed to him by Governor McCormick, of Arizona:

"I find that at Event McDowell and at other

"I find that at Fort McDowell and at other poets they (Indian captives taken by the troop-) have been turned over to civilians without any process of law. I learn of instances in which children have been sold by the troops; of others which they have been exchanged for goods, and in cases where they were given to the Pomand Maricapa Indians, those tribes have afterwards sold them to the whites. Moreover, I am intermed that at McDowell it has been the cussom to deliver the adult female Apache captives over to the Pimas and Maricopas for elaughter." The General has directed commanders of dis-

tricts and posts in Ar'z na to investigate these charges at once, and report to him all the parsic lars. In conclusion the General says : ' Toese charges, as well as by the h incus ess of the offences specified as by the high source

from which they come, are most damaging to the character of the service, and must be fully investigated and answered by every efficer to whom this circular is sent."

A Second Evangeline.

On a steamer which recently passed up to Montana was a girl starce eighteen, who goes to the distant land of gold to meet her affisheed. Four years ago she met and loved a young student in a German university. Their trysting place might not have been at "Bingen on the Rhine," but 'twas at just as romantic a spot not many leagues distant. Her attachment was remany leagues distant. Her attachment was re-ciprocated, and troth was plighted. Toree years since the "bridegroom came to America, and sought his fortune amid the placers of Montana, shortly securing a lucrative position as superintendent of a successful mining company. A few weaks ago a brief message darted across two continents, and three thousand miles of ocean in a day, and found this beautiful, unsophisti-cated girl surrounded by all the endearments of a home of wealth and refinement. It told her that near the far off shores of the Pacific some one awaited her coming. A few days later and she was rocking on the waves of the broad Atiantic, and later still she disembarked in a strange land, the language and customs of whose perpie were new to her. She is now slowly and happily according the Missouri, confident that her "bridegroom" is expecting her, having travelled alone from the banks of the Baltic to meet him. - Western paper.

From the Pathfinder, N. Y. City.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TRA COMPANY.—The ostensible, and, we should think, well-known mission of the Pathfinder, as its very name suggests, is to ferret out business houses or corpo rations of reliability, whose system of dealing uncontroversibly attests the determined purpose of acting fairly with their customers, employing a large bona fide cash ospital, keeping note but the best and most a-rviceable goods, an I resting con-tent with merely a living profit. It is because we believe THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA. COM-PANY has already given evidence of their wish to act up to the principles we have here laid down, and desire to conduct their rap dly aug-menting trade upon none other, that we have deemed their position and standing as tea deal ers worthy of epocial notice in these columns.

BIRTH AND DEATH RATE OF THE WORLD -Sta ti-ticians have calculated that if the popula ion of the world amounts to between 1,200 000,000 and 1 300 000 000 persons, the number of deaths in a year would be about 32 000 000. Assuming the correctness of this calculation, the deaths each day would be near y 88 000, 3 600 per hour, 60 per minute, and thus every second would carry into eternity one human life from one part of the world or another. But reproduction the probable annual births on the globe, the result shows that whereas 60 persons die per mitute, 70 children are born, and thus the increase of the population is kept up .- London

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINAT ORGAN -The Cabinet Organ bears the same relation to the meledeon, seraphine and accordeon, as does the by Mason and Hamlin in the invention of this instrument are within the knowledge and com-parison of all of us. We may now emphati-cally add to the list of notions, in the manufacture of which America has excelled the world, the best reed organ, as the most eminent musi clans have, with singular unanimity, pronounced the Cabinet Organ superior to any other, whether of home or foreign make. - Chicago Tribune.

Two hundred years ago a Scotch emi grant carried to Canada a thistle. Intentionally or other wise planted in his garden, its seeds took root in his peighbor's soil, and to day it is the pest of the Provinces, depreciating the value of from 30 to 50 per cent.

Bill Ross is a great temperance lecturer, and at Ru-hville, Ill., was preaching to the young on his favorite theme. He said: "Now, boys, when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who own them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?" "Yes, sir," shouted a hunared voices. "Well, where will your fathers be in twenty? "Pears from now?" "Dead!" shouted the boys. "Toat's right. And who will own all this property then?" "We will." "Right. Now tell me-did you ever, in going along the street, to-tice the drunkards lounging about the saloon duors, waiting for sociebody to treat them?'
"Yes, sir, lots of them." "Well, where wil
they be in twenty years from now?" "Dead!" "And who will be the exclaimed the boys. "And who will be the drunkards then?" "Us boys!" Billy was thunderstruck.

CARRIAGE PAINTING .- A painter of contable reputation says: " I very often admire, with bumble wonder, the astoniening perfection with which carriages are painted. We painters with which carriages are painter. We painted of pictures could not paint carriages so well as men bred peculiarly to that trade. Very few of its could lay the color quite evenly enough, or if we did, it would only be by great effort; whereas a simple carriage painter, who has never troubled himself about gradation and what we call traine laws on his naint with a masterly perfection of method."

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Underground Railroads.

Much has been written about the subterra-nean mode of travel in America, and now that there is an effort to introduce it into New York c'tr, some description of its operation in Lon-don mer not be uninteresting. The Metropoli-tan or Underground R silroad has cost \$6,500,000, and consists of three and a half miles of tunnels, which run on a level with or below the gar-pipes and water-mains. The travelling is ex-coedingly agreeable; the carriages are at least as good as those that course through the upp r air, are beautifully lighted with gas, and as the engines condenes their steam, and use coke in-stead of coal, there is little escape of smoke or wapor. The fare for the round trip is about two shillings, or fi'ty cents of our currency.

The an experimental house eleven stories bign, is being built in Paris. It will have no staircase—the tenants are to second on a hydraulic e'evat ir which goes up and down once s

minute.

Gov. Morton, of Indians, speaks highly
of the Ariansas Hot Springs, where he is sojourning for the benefit of his health. He gots
so far as to say that the water, with the addition of a little salt, pepper, and butter, makes very good corp While Samuel Gregory, a Dalaware

county (Ps.) farmer was mending fence the other day, his old now was chewing \$1,700 of his greenbacks, which were in the pocket of his west hanging on a bush near by. The latter job was affectually and hopelessly done.

237 A young man from St. Louis, who had recently failen heir to an entate worth a quarter of a million of dollars, was die wind at Ocano.

of a million of dollars, was drowned at Ocono

woe, Wis, while attempting to save a boy who had gone beyond his depth.

EMANCIPATION IN BRAZIL—A cable report, two months ago, of the abolition of slavery in Braz'l, turned out to be premature. The emancipation movement in that empire, however, has gone to far that it is now certain it will be effected peaceably and with little or no difficulty. The Emperor Don Pedro, in his recent speech to the Brezilian chambers, said:
"The servile element of the empire cannot fail to merit opportunely your consideration, acting in a manner to care for the high interests attached to emancipation, by respecting actual property, and without giving a profound sheek to our main source of industry, agriculture."

The charges occurring in a great city are shown by the fact, that in preparing the new Boston Directory, which contains 69,121 names, 17,335 contained in the Directory of 1866 had to be expunged, and 21,272 new once added—a change sitogether of 38,606 names, or more than half of the whole number.

this, while pursuing his studies in Germany, come years ago, he one day wrote off some other negative of a friend. To his great vexation, he a'terwards learned that they had been shown to Liezt, the great plantet. The young American felt truly chagrined that those silly songs, as he deemed them, had been exhibited as a representative of what his countrymen could do in the way of musical composition. What was his supprise to find that Live commended the little songs most highly, declared them to be truly beautiful forms of melody, and wove them into some of his "Transcriptions for the Piano

It is strange to see how wide spread in the superstition (or perhaps the tradition?) which causes Friday to be considered an unlucky day. French railway statistics recently aboved an enormous decline of receipts on Fri-The Paris Omnibus Companies have just days. The Paris Omnibus Companies have just published their annual reports, which exhibit the average of this unballowed day to be 24,163 below the average of all other days of the week. The latter average is 317,065, while

the average of Friday is 0 ily 292,902 persons.

It is d flimit, if not impossible, for men to lave and be wise: even the beathen gode, when they were in love, made fools of them

Even brilliant Edmund About, in the midet of Paris gavety and mirch, explains his withdrawal from politics by the plea of phileprogenitiveness. "Although," he writes, "true hearts never become inn florent to public affairs, we see things that touch us nearest, occupying the first place. It is not self-shear, it is notice. Put your It is not selfi-hness; it is optics. Put your hand before your eyes; you can perceive no-thing in the chamber. Interpose a little head modern grand plane-forte to the ancient spinnet will witness a most beautiful phenomenon which by Mason and Hamilia in the lime are strides made astronomers. have not be actiful phenomenon which estronomers have not yet studied—the total

In Germany there is but one opinion on the question of progress shown by the different countries, since the last great international ex-hibition. The advance is in general not thought to be great. What France for example dis-plays is good and even admirable, but the difference is found to be very small between that produced by her at the last exhibition and at the present one. But in two countries it is and an enormous progress is perceptible, in the United States of America and in England. Competent authorities-men, for example, who were sent by the German Government to Paris to study and report what they saw there, express this chinion; and sea leaning towards Americ. or England is not a distinctive attribute of the Germans of to day, the opinion expressed by them, favorable as it is for these two countries, may be implicitly relied on

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FIT AND HUMOR.

Another Drink.

Some years ago, when the total abstinence excitement was at its height, and the Maine Liquor Law was the great accial question of the day, writes a correspondent, I called upon George Kendall, of the New triesne Picayone, at the office of the Brothers Harper, then in Bireet. George was running his new book on Mexico through their press at the time, and havbeen ecquainted with the brothers for many

years previously, was of course on the most lati-mate terms with all of them.

James, the Mayor, was at the time a leading apostle in the temperance course, and used so casionalis to rally George upon what he thought to be evidence of an undue hibulous pro-pensity. "Your face looks rather reddish this morning, George; I'm afraid you indulge." Which Kendall certainly did; but always in moderation—never to any thing like excess. Af er sitting a few moments, George and to sounger brother, Fietcher-

Fletoner, where's Jim? where's the Mayor? I want to see him."

"He's in the library-room," replied Fietcher,
"entertaining a committee of old women from
the Martha Washington Temperance Bickety.
They hold a meeting at the Tabernacle to
moreow night and the Mayor is going to pre-

"Good?" said George; "I'il go right in and see him. "Come, Clark," added Kindall, "let us see how the city's Chief Magistrate looks in

George rapped at the door

"Come in," answered the Mayor.
Kendali opened the door slowly, as if in hesitation, glacced askance at the eight or ten old women, winked knowingly to the Mayor, and then said, with an inimitable maucha Jimmy Teitcher air-

"Ji i.m, let us go and take another drink !" It is not often that any one can fluster James Harper; but "you better believe" he was flus-tered on this coassion. He locked horror-stricken at the very idea, as he returned the as-tonished gaze of the ladies. "Another drink!" as if they had aiready had one together, early

as it was in the murning!

List summer, I saw George on his return
from Parie. We reminisc zed upon this incident, and K-ndall said-

"I have never heard anything from Jim from that day to this about my indusing."

" A Better Thing."

A few days since a friend of ours, (says the Placerville Courier,) who was returning from a tour of inspection in the hills near town, over-took a small boy who asked his protection, fearing that some of his school mates were going to Being assured of protection, the little fel ow became quite talkative, and rattled away about various things until they reached the post Our friend entered and inquired ber for her almost every day." "Who writes to her so often, my little fellow?" "Oh, her lovershe's got lots of 'em." "How old is your sister?" "She's over nineteen or twenty." Why, me little fellow, your sister is old enough o marry." "Oh, she's got a better thing than that. She's got lots of beaux, and she bought some new dresses, and one of them was vellow, and when one of her fellers came to go walking she put the yellow dress on to make him think she was jealous; and then sometimes when he others come, she puts on a red 'Why does she put on the red dress?" Because, you see, that means love." " Is your sister handsome " "I guess you'd think so if you'd see the lots of fellers that's after her " At this stage of the conversation our friend parted company with his communicative companion, and entering a saleon, drank to the miss who had a "better thing" than marrying, and suc-

When Mr. Ti ton lectured here a couple of years ago, before the Young Men's Association,

"Ladies and gentlemen, the centleman who has been announced for the lecture this evening is not here to night. I think you will never have the pleasure of listening to him-he never On one occasion a good lady had Charles Lamb for a guest at dinner, with several other literary characters. His white neck-tie and serious countenance caused his hostess to imagine that he was a very devout So when the guests were reated at the

Mr. Lamb, will you say grace ?" "Lamb trembled, and looked around at the

'le there no occollergyman present?' he

None, I believe,' replied the lady "LI let us thank God, then," was the meck

sponer, as Lamb bowed reverently over his The audience did not allow Mr. Titton to pro-

COMPLICATION OF DISCRIPERS -A COUNTY apothecary was observed by a friend to be in the habit of draining all medicine vials returned to him by patients into one large bottle which stood of oct in accumulating this etrange mixture, the front one day interrogated him on the p "Sarel.," he said, "you can have no use for a more like that." "My dear fellow," replied the apothecary, "that is the most reientific medimers like that " oine I've and in my shop. Simple medicines are vers well for simple complaints; but that's the stuff for a patient with a compileation of disorders.

MUSICAL CATRCHISM - What is a rest? Going out of the choir for a rest during sermon time. What is called singing with an "understand-Marking time on the floor with your

What is a stancato movement? Leaving the choir in a huff because one is disnatisfied with

What is a swell? A professor of music who pretends to know everything about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance.



GARDENING FOR JUNE.

Croquet begins to crop up-Curates require training.

Didn't Want Carlew.

The Salt Lake Vidette says: A wayfarer dropped into the Occidental hotel in this place, on Toesday, to get a square meal. Having planted himself in a chair at one of the tables. he was confronted by the waiter with: "What's you have?" The hungry one fastened his eyes on the attache is soup and said, "What have you got that's good?" "O, we've roast heef, corn berf, rosst mutton, boiled mutton, fried ham and boiled curlew!" "What is curlew?" nam and boned collect. "Curlew? - why. curlew is a bird something like a snipe." "Did it fly?" "Yes." "Did it have winge?" "Yes." "Then I don't want any curlew; anything that had sings, and could fir, and didn't leave this custed country. I don't want for diener." We should judge from this incident that Saft Lake City was not an inviting place to tarry in

Once, when Charles Lamb was abusing somebody or other, he was asked if he knew the person he was attacking: "Know him?" was the answer; "of course I do not; if I did, I should be sure to like him."

ACRICULTURAL.

The Robin.

At a meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, a communication was read from Professor Treadwell, of Cambridge, giving a detailed account of the feeding and growth of this bird during a period of thirty-two days, com-mencing with the 5th of June. The following is the substance of this report:—
When cought, the two were quite young, their

tail feathers being less than an inch in length, and the weight of each about twenty-five pennsweights-less than half the weight of the fu' grown birds; both were plump and vigorous of the nest. He began feeding them with earthworms, giving three to each bird that night. The second day, he gave them ten worms each, which they are ravenously. Thinking this be-

thirty, and on the seventh thirty-one worms They seemed insufficient, and the bird appeared ward Hindostan, in a heat almost tropical to be losing plumpness and weight. He began must change too. Have applee, pears, ch to weigh both the bird and its food, and the results were given in a tabular form. On the fifseenth day, he tried a small quantity of raw meat and finding it readily eaten, increased it gradually, to the exclusion of worms. With it the bird ate a large quantity of earth and gravel, and drank freely after esting. By the table, it appears that though the food was increased to oriy worms, weighing twenty pennyweights, on the eleventh day the weight of the bird rather and it was not until the fourteenth day, when he are eixtweight worms, or thuts-four ennyweights, that he began to increase this day, the weight of the bird was twenty-four pannyweights; be therefore ate for yone per cent, more than his own weight in twelve he weighing after it twenty-nine pennyweighte, o fifteen per cent less than the food he had eaten in that time. The length of these worms, if laid end to end, would be about fourteen feet, or ten times the length of the intestines.

To meet the objection, that the earth-worm contains but a small ou intite of nutritions mat clusively on clear beef, in quantity twenty-sever pennyweights. At night, the bird weighed fifty amount of flesh consumed during the day, no taking into account the water and earth ewal lowed. This presents a wonderful contrast with the amount of food required by the cold blooded vetebrates, fishes, and reptiles, many of which can live for months without food, and also with that required by mammalia. Man of fireh a day, and drink five or six gallons o

The question immediately presents itself, How can this immense amount of food, required by the young birds, he supplied by the parents? Suppose a pair of old robles, with the usual number of four young once. These would require, according to the consumption of this bird, two hundred and fifty worms, or their equiva-

minutes, to procure this supply; this would b a worm to every two and two filins minutes; or each parent must procure a worm or its equivalent in less than five minutes during ten hours, in addition to the food required for its own sup-

After the thirty second day, the bird had at tained its full size, and was intrusted to the care of another person during his absence of eighteen days. At the end of that period, the bird was strong and healthy, with no increase of weight, though its feathers had grown longer and smoother. Its food had been weighed daily, and averaged fifteen pennyweights of weight, two or three earth-worms, and a small quantity of bread each day, the whole being equal to eighteen pennyweights of meat, or thirty-six pennyweights of earth-worms; and it continued up to the time of the presentation of the report.

The bird having continued in confinement, with certainly much less exercise than in the wild state, to eat one third of its weight in clear flesh daily, the Professor concludes that the food i consumed when young was not much more than must always be provided by the parents of wild birds. The food was never pussed undigested; the expretions were made up of gravel and dirt,

and a small quantity of semi-solid urine. He thought that every admirer of trees may derive from these facts a lesson, showing the immense power of birds to destroy the insects by which our trees, repecially our apple trees, elms, and lindens, are every few years stripped of their foliage, and often many of them killed.

Fevers and Fruit.

Let's have a little talk about orchards and gardens as life-preservers. Many a farmer thinks he "can't fuss about a garden," with regetables and small fruits in ample variety, hardly about an orchard, especially beyond ap ple trees. So he goes on to weightier matters of grain, or stock, or dairy, and eats potatoes, wheat bread, pork and salt beef all summer long; no fine variety of vegetables, no grateful berries, no luscious peaches, or juicy cherries. By October, fever comes, or bowel complaints them with, he limited them to this allowates.
On the third day, he gave them eight worms each in the foreneon; but in the afterneon he found one becoming feeble, and it soon lost its strength, refused food, and died. On opening is he found the provention. be found the proventriculus, gizzard, and interesting the found the pould a hot fire in July and times entirely cupty, and included therefore chut the doors? Of course not—in their rooms; Would they build a hot fire in July and that it died from want of sufficient food; the ef-but they have done just that in their poor feet of hunger being increased, perhaps, by the stomachs. How so? They have been eating fect of hunger being increased, perhaps by the stomachs. How so? They have been eating cold, as the thermometer was about eixty de all summer the heat-producing food fit for a years ago, before the Young Men's Association, he was introduced to the audience as "Reverend Theodore Titon" He "turned" the mistake over to the gentleman who introduced him as follows — to the gentleman who introduced him as follow twenty four, on the fifth twenty five on the sixth | julcy fruits, and tropic regetables, cooling and opening to the system. In July we move to Have applee, pears, cherries, etc. from orchard every day, of early and late raspoérnies, strawberries, etc. It takes a little time and trouble, but it s the cheapest way to pay the doctor's bills. And bless your dear souls, these things taste good! You study what feed is You study what feed is good for pige and cattle. All right; but wife and children are of higher cone quence; and it'e a shame if, with all our great gifts of intellect our own physical being so well that the doctor shall visit the house less than the horse doctor goes to the barn. Don't fail of vegetables, bergoes to the barn. Don't fail of vegetables, berties, and fruits. Try it, and you'll say we haven't told half the truth - Raral New Yorker

Items for Ploughmen.

1. While ploughing always carry a wrench along that will fit every nut in your plough. In order to do this take the letther from an old plough so as to make a pocket just large enough

When you put on a new point don't lay out your whole strength in screwing up the nut. It only wants to be enug. A hard point may be strained so as to break when it strikes the first stone

land than a short one.

4. A plough will not run true if the wheel is worn so it wabbles. To prevent this wabbling of sugar, beaten to a froth, one or two lemons and will keep the old wheel a while longer, take four eggs, one cup of mitk, four cups of flour, eather of sufficient thickness and lay it inside

J. W. Brown of Keneington, N. H., makes a ation of the loss in ploughing an acre o land fourteen rode in length by turning the team at the ends. If the furrows are nice wide, it will require about four and two-thirds hours to turn the team at the ends. If the acre was fifty rods long, it would require only one and one third hours to make the turns. He estilent in insect or other food, daily. Suppose the mates the distance travelled in ploughing an acre parents to work ten hours, or six hundred at eleven and five eighthe miles.

Marketing Wool.

One of the leading farmers of Illinois, who appears occasionally in the Prairie Farmer as "Wool Grower," regards the present as one of the dark times for wool growers in that section. He says that all other branches of farming are paying better than this. He charges the wool commission houses of Chicago with operating against the interests of the grower and in favor of the manufacturer. Though written especially for farmers at the West, the following paragraphs may be read with interest by wool growers of

other eccions:
I say to wool growers, sell your own wool at your own bain if possible. Sell to a local dealer for three or four cents less than you think it worth, rather than get it stranded in a wool house. The best time to sell wool, nine times out of ten, is when the tide is up at shearing time. It scarcely ever lasts over a week or two, and if you let the over lasts over a week or two, and it you less our particulty slip you are compelled to ship, and then to commence that weary waiting which makes the heart sick. After the first tide choic it is usually from four to six months before you can get even a nibble for wool, and then when do effect a sale, by the time you deduct freight and commission, and insurance, and storage, and drayage, and sale tax, and re-eackage, and stealage, and one third off, and half off, and in some cases, all off, you will find that you might have sold at home from six to fifteen

The one great drawback to wool-growing in the United States is not dogs nor seab nor foot.

My 21, 4, 27, 33, 41, 11, 18 a county in Ohlo.

My 22, 19, 10, 28, 41, 51, 1s a county in Ohlo.

My 26, 48, 40, 5, 31, 20, 41, 17, is a county in Ohlo. the United States is not dogs nor seab nor foot rot, but the manner of marketing. There is no other staple agricultural product grown in our country, the purchasers of which are so few in hence, able to make such souleating combinations to affect prices, as wool. the manufacturers and their organs never let up during the entire circle of the year, from "bearing" the wool market. The buyers of grain are not always "bears," but there is always an equally emart lot of "bulls," which helps to keep grain somewhere near an equilib-rium; but the purchasers of wool are always, and everywhere "bears."

Brekipys.

AFFLE VINEGAR -Whenever apples are used in the tamily, boil the skins and cores in se little water as will cover them; sweeten slightly with the rineings of aweetmeats, and put it in a cask or jug; when making cider apple sauce, a halfbarrel can be made with but little trouble. If appies are decaying, boil them up, strain the itquor, and make vinegar. It will take but little

PATE-For a pate or game ple made with pigeons, or, which is excellent, with prairie hene, first clean thoroughly, and placing in the bakepan, put a piece of salt pork on the breast, and a little broth in the pan. Put in the oven and let it remain these an hour or an hour and a half. For the paste, take four ounces of flour. two of butter, a pinch of salt, and almost half a gill of cold water, mixed to a paste. Roll out the paste, and line the sides and bottom of the ald with it. The bird is carved as if for the table, placing the pieces in the pan with a modicum of broth and a bay leaf, and leaving a hole in the centre for the steam to ecoape and pass off. Cover the top with the yolk of an egg to color. It may be caten hot or cold—cold for breakfast, lunch or supper, and can be made with butcher's meat. But weal is the best Truffles may also be baked in a pate, using two cunces to a pound of meat-meat without any

MACEDOINE -Cut small pieces of carrot and turnip in water, with salt, &c , and boil gently till tender. Strain off the water through a culan der. Put half a tablespoon of butter and flour in a pan on the fire; and half a gill of broth; turn in the carrot and turnip, and simmer s

To KEEP TOMATOES -Set them on the fire with a little sait, and reduce one half. Lat it cool, and put it in claret bottles. Cork, and tie down the corks. Set the bottles on the fire in cold water, and boil four hours. Take them off and let them cool in the water. Afterward keep the bottles in a dark place.

BAKED PEARS - The common early pears are very good put into a jar without paring, and with a teacup of molasses to every two quarts of pairs. No water is necessary. Bake them five or six hours. If you wish them more delipears are very fine baked upon a tin : but most the other you wear. kinds of heavy winter pears cannot be baked so as to be tender.

ORANGE LEMONADE .- Take three China oranges, one large lemon, and two or three ounces of sugar; rub off some of the peel on to the sugar, squeeze on the juice, and po

pints of bol ag water; mix the whole and strain. SUPERIOR LEMONADE A LA SOVER -Take the small pieces, and put it with two cloves into bottle containing half a pint of hot water, place the bottle in a stewpan with boiling water, and let it stand by the side of a fire for one or two hours, taking care it does not boil; then take half a pint of lemon juice, half a pint of syrup, if none, use plain syrup, or sugar, in like pro-portion, adding a few drops of orange-flower rater; add the infusion of the rind, which has been previously made, and allowed to become stir well together, and add two quarte of cold water.

BARLEY LEXONADE - Put a quarter of a pour of sugar into a small stewpan, with half a pint order to do this take the leather from an old of water, which boil about ten minutes, or unti-boot leg and tack it on the handle of your forming a thickish syrup; then add the rind of a fresh lemon and the pulp of two; let it boil two minutes longer, when add two quarts of barley water, made without sugar and lemon; boil five minutes longer, pass it through a hair sieve into a jug, which cover with paper, making a hole in the centre to let the heat through; when cold it is ready for use; if put cold into a bottle, and well corked down, it will keep good

LEMON CAKE - One cup of butter, two cup one teaspoon of soda.

BUTTERWILK CAKES. - Two cups of buttermill or sour milk, one cup of sugar, one piece of but-ter the size of a walnut, a tempoonful of salenatus, spice to your taste, with as much flour as

A modern philosopher, taking the mo tion of the earth on its axis at seventeen miles second, says that if you take off your bat is the atreet to bow to a fiend, you go seventeen miles bareheaded without taking cold.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTER POR THE SATURDAY BYRNING PORT.

I am composed of 36 letters. My 18, 5, 15, 4, 18, 10, 7, 14, 26, 7, 22, 26, 23,

23, is a well known author.

My 1, 2, 33, 16, 31, 13, 29, is a boy's name.

My 9, 3, 21, 29, 23, is a celebrated opera.

of the Post.

My 8, 11, 36, 19, 13, is a girl's name. My 24, 56, 5, is a trapical fruit. My 25, 13, 17, 85, 34, is one of the largest cities

in the world. My 29, 3, 23, 30, 18, 22, 26, 27, 6, 28, 13, 25, 20, 18, 23, should be read by all. My whole is the residence of a regular reader f the Post.

G. R. T.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY SYSSING POST.

I am composed of 51 letters. My 5, 3, 17, 8, 23, is a county in Ohio.
My 17, 12, 11, 14, 33, is a county in Ohio.
My 18, 22, 15, 6, 16, 41, is a county in Ohio.
My 7, 85, 51, 46, is a county in Ohio.

My 48, 43 88, 44, 41, 29, is a county in Ohio.

My 21, 4, 27, 35, 41, is a county in Ohio.

My 36, 8, 1, 27, 36, 42, 32, 5, 31, is a county in Ohio.

My 26, 7, 39, 24, 5, 50, is a county in Ohio.

My 3, 9, 20, 8, 2, 48, is a county in Ohio. My 18, 40, 34, 5, 25, 15, is a county in Ohio. My 31, 85, 37, is a county in Ohio. My 17, 15, 8, 49, 16, 35, 47, is a county in Iowa. My 45, 4, 24, 35, 30, 51, is a county in Indiana.

My whole is an expression of Henry Clay's, Nicholasville, Ky. M. B. F. Nicholasville, Ky.

WRITTES POR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My first bows low amid the towering hills. And saught nestles there; The lakes, the rivers and the gentle rills

It claims, and cities fair. Mr next a nickname is, born of a name Christened to many a king.
My third, when young Columbia won her fame,

Did a mean and servile thing. My fourth and last comprises all the rest;

It grasps my whole, in fact;
Which is the closing scene, the final test,
Of all the guesser's taot.
Steeles, Ind. JNO. C. OCHILTREE.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. To seize. An island in the Mediterranean Sea. An appendage.

Lofty.
An affirmation. A piece of timber.
A boy's nickname.

An island in Polynesia. A sudden check. A light spear.

The initials and finals form the names of two

eclebrated battle fields of the rebellion.

W. H. MORROW. Irwin Station, Pa.

Problem.

WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY BYBNING POST.

A, B and C start on a journey of 40 miles. can travel one mile an hour, B two miles, but C, who travels in a buggy, can go eight a o, who travels in a buggy, can go eight miles an hour. As they all desire to reach their journey's end in the shortest possible time, C takes up A and carries him so far that in going back and taking up B, they all reach their journey's end together.

Required the distance each will travel alone and the whole time consumed in perfections.

and the whole time consumed in performing the journey. W. H. MORROW.

Connedrums.

What is the difference between a baby great-coat? Aus .- One you

What kind of a ship has two mates and no captain? Aus -A courtship. When is an infant like a cannibal? -When it eats its " pap.

When is the miner the happiest? Ans.
-When his "Triumphs are ore." Why is perspiration like the Atlantic

And .- Beaute it's wet (awest.) Why would people older than yourself make good feeding for cattle? Ans.—Because they are past your age.

A GOOD story is told of a certain Colonel in the late war. The Colonel aforesaid was riding in a stage-coach, with several other passengers when he accidentally dropped his hat outside the coach. Putting his head out of the coach window he exclaimed, in a stentorian voice. "Charioteer, pause! I have lost my chapeau." The driver paid no heed to the demand. No attention being paid by the driver to this command, a plain, bline man, who had become disquisted with his fellow-traveller's silliness and pomposity, but his head out of the silliness and the bombastic fellow authoritatively spake pomposity, put his head out of the window and eaid: "Driver, hold on. This blained fool has lost his hat!" This was perfectly intelligible to the driver, and the hat was secured.

Some time since a gentleman died in the town of X-, who during life refused to be lieve in another world. Two or three weeks ter his demise, his wife received through a medium a communication, which read as fo Dear wife, I now do believe. Please send me

"There's only two ways of getting along witnerestaurant servants," says Bluster, scold 'em well or fee 'em well. One takes nerve, the other takes money. I've got more nerve than money, so I soold 'em."

When somebody asked the Bishop of Oxford whether he didn't think the last Deroy a "sell," (the horse Hermit won it) his lordship a sewered that "he never heard of a hermit